

YOUR BEST GIRL
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 60, No. 1550. July 11, 1912
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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Packing Your Pro-phy-lac-tic

before you go on your vacation means that your teeth will be in good condition when you get back. Dentists and doctors recommend the Pro-phy-lac-tic, because it is the one tooth brush that thoroughly removes the food particles from between *all* the teeth, both back and front alike.

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

You can not clean teeth by brushing *over* them. The ordinary, flat-faced tooth brush merely brushes the exposed tooth surfaces. The Pro-phy-lac-tic gives you direct access to every part of your mouth and *really* cleans every tooth in your head.

The irregular, tufted bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic get into the crevices. Its curved handle (flexible, if you want it) reaches the back teeth that are beyond the reach of the flat-faced brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic saves your gums as well as your teeth.

You can hang it up, it dries quickly, is absolutely sanitary. In individual yellow box which protects against handling. Hard, medium and soft bristle textures. Prices, 25c, 35c, 40c.

Please write for a copy of our Interesting Free Book

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic guaranteed. We replace if defective. If your dealer does *not* sell the Pro-phy-lac-tic we will supply direct. Send his name.

Florence Mfg. Co., 187 Pine Street, Northampton,
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Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

Letters to the Literati

To George Randolph Chester

Now let us study the Newer Morality,—
Selfishness, Greediness, plus Prodigality—
Featured in stories of Gripping Virility
All for the teaching of Sweet Juvenility!
Such are the books that our youngsters are reading most;
"Get-rich-quick" lessons are just what they're needing
most.

Let me extol them as well as a jester can:
Who else can write them as George Randolph Chester
can?—

Chester, who sings of that species of thriftiness
Which rogues call "smartness" and other folk "shifti-
ness"—

Sings in a paper that's published on Saturday,
George Randolph Chester, high chief of our latter-day
Ticker-tape, Thimble-rig, Pull-in-the-money School,
Popular, now, as the Lovey-dove-honey School.

Heroes, who look like the lads in the collar-signs,
Gamble through pages just reeking with dollar-signs,
Making the race-tracks their favorite whereabouts,
Snatching ten thousand an hour, or thereabouts,
Foiling the envious villains who lurk for them,
Winning the spoils—without stooping to work for them!

Ergo, my sons, do not labor, but speculate;
Or, let us teach you to swindle and peculate.

"Trimming a Rube" is as easy as writing it;
Drop in your hook—and the suckers are biting it!

Spare your emotions! the gulls, who might kindle them,
Always are worse than our heroes who swindle them.

Fear not the Law, since the Higher Rascality
Orders its thievings with perfect legality.

What? I'm a grouch, and my standards are narrowing?
Granted; but, George, it is pretty near harrowing,

Watching young prodigals gloat on your savory
Treatises based on the Triumphs of Knavery.
Couldn't you soothe me with something quite different
Wherein the Dollars shan't be so vociferant?

Something which shall not exalt our insanity,
Grabbing the coin, as the End of Humanity?
Something which, far from attempting to vindicate
Gambling or jobbing or juggling, shall indicate

Clearly, that Wealth—and we're none of us spurning it—
May be and should be acquired by earning it?

Arthur Guiterman.

Heisey's

Trade Mark

Glassware

offers an unlimited variety of
splendid designs, in any one
of which you may choose a
complete set, thus giving your
table an air of distinction.

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It is the lowest priced glass-
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durability considered. It is
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341
OIL



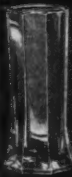
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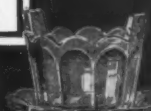
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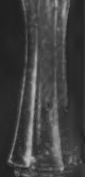
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341
ICE TUB and PLATE



24
SALT and PEPPER



300 1/2
VASE
No. 2

Eliminate Vibration with the

Truffault-Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBER

It is a scientific fact that the measured tread of an army crossing a bridge will cause enough vibration to destroy the bridge. That illustrates to what extent vibration may become an agent for ill. No greater foe to automobile efficiency exists. Vibration which is unchecked will send a car to the scrap heap five or more years before its time. There is but one effective check to motor vibration and it is the Truffault-Hartford, which assimilates every move of it and, in so doing, keeps the car right indefinitely.

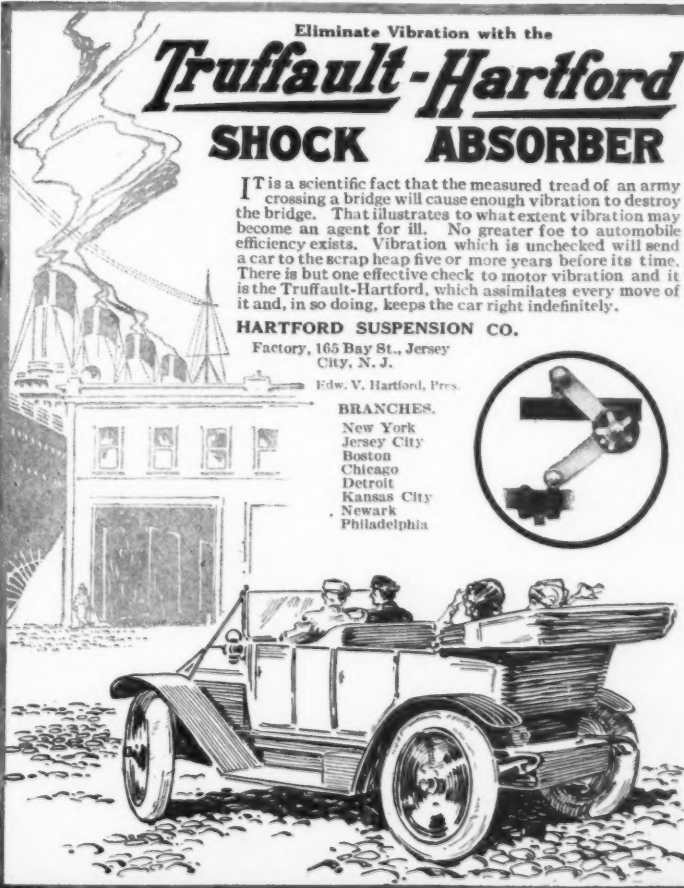
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BRANCHES.

New York
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"Look here, Willie Jones, don't you dare forget next week's LIFE. It's the Children's Number and we're going to be in it."

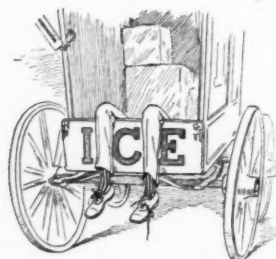
This Children's Number will be on all news-stands next Tuesday. All the kiddies will be here, and some of a larger growth.

In the meantime, have you heard of the Miniature LIFE? Well, it's a small number of LIFE, printed elegantly (what a lovely old back number advertising word that is!) in colors, and just filled with some of the best things that have appeared in LIFE in the past.

We are giving this number away for a two cent postage stamp; and when you send the stamp, send your address with it. You may be the best known and most popular man or woman in your own home town, but unless you tell us who you are we won't know.

While you are sending this two cent stamp, you might send us also one dollar for a three months' subscription; but you don't have to do this—you get the Miniature LIFE free just the same.

Hot, isn't it?



Enclosed find
One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.13
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer should come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

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Maud and Me

An Original Tale, Based on Modern Story-Telling Methods

I came up quietly as she sat disconsolately by her machine. It had broken down. She was a very lovely girl, and in trouble.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" I said.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "but you are a stranger to me; I have not met you formally, and I fear it would not be good form for you to help me."

At this moment there was a loud noise in the distance. Someone was approaching. A huge machine, bearing a large man, stopped.

"Save me!" she whispered.

"And so, Maud," said the other man, "you have broken down, have you? As I suspected. Well, there is yet time for the ceremony."

It took me but an instant to decide. Had I taken a four weeks' correspondence course in hypnotism for nothing?

"You would like to move from this spot, but you cannot," I said. "Awfully sorry, but you are a fixture. I say, you cannot move. I will permit you to vent your rage by tearing up a few of these oak leaves. Here's a bunch. Understand, you cannot move! Come, Maud."

Maud had fainted. Placing her head on my breast in the usual manner, and storing her wedding train in the bottom of the machine, I started up. In a moment we were pressing forward. The hated suitor was gnashing his teeth in rage. I knew that it would be but for a moment, for as soon as my hypnotic zone left him he would start after us. We sped through towns and villages. It was a mad race. Maud came to and asked where we were. Looking behind, I saw the big machine of the hated suitor following. Without replying, therefore, I bent closer to my task.

Suddenly, straight ahead, rose the spire of a village church. It was a desperate chance, but I would take it.

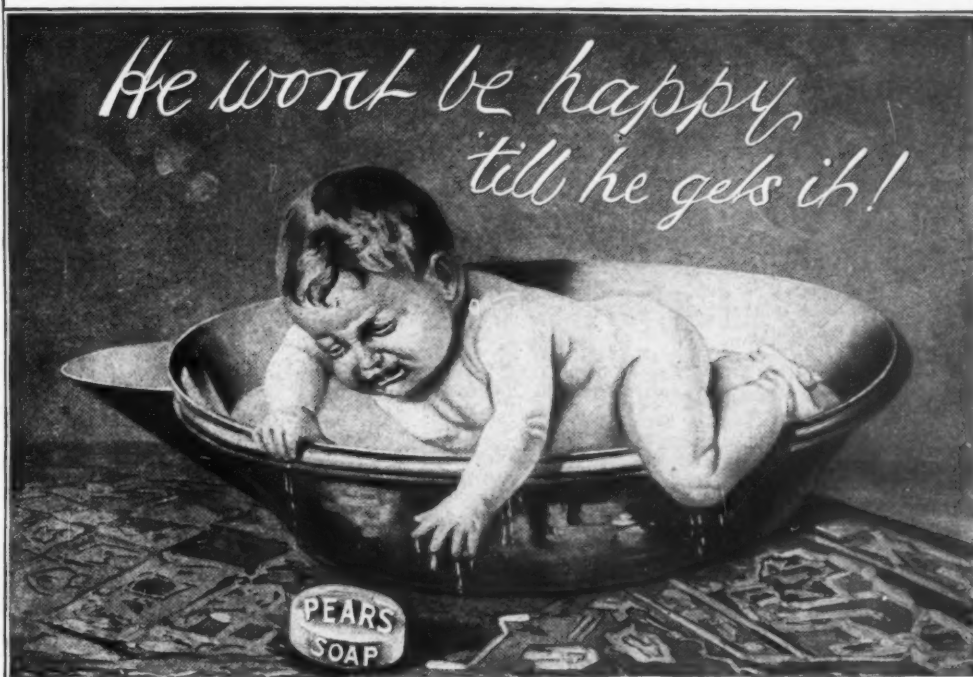
"Will you marry me?" I asked, "if the minister is on hand?"

"I will do anything to escape from him," she whispered. "He has my father in his power. Unless I consent he is going to take away papa's trust."

"Never fear, darling," I shouted. "I will lend your father the money to circumvent him. I am a Custom House officer and it is my sacred privilege to let in free all products owned by the trusts that I like."

We came up to the church at this moment. The minister was in the front

Who will be the next President ?



All rights secured.

window writing the last instalment of his Sunday syndicated article for the Hearst belt-line of newspapers.

"Will you marry us?" I shouted.

"Why, this is the lady," he replied in surprise, "who was to have been married two hours ago—and to another man. Now, the guests have all gone home. What does this mean?"

In the distance was a honk.

"Get busy," I whispered, slipping a thousand-dollar bill into his hand, "and ask no questions."

Just as he had finished the hated suitor came up.

"Too late, old man," I said nonchalantly. "Maud is now mine. Aren't you, Maud?" I asked affectionately.

He advanced toward me, brandishing his arms in the air.

"Ruined!" he repeated. "I have you all in my power. I shall foreclose to-morrow. Then where will you be?"

"At my post in the Custom House," I replied, smilingly, "searching your aged mother and your sisters, who are due on the *Lusitania*. Will I spare them? I guess not! Villain, in your hard heart is a spark of love, and it lives for your mother and the women and children of your family. But to-morrow shall be mine! I have the Government of the United States back of me. No known form of torture shall be withheld. I myself will insult your aged mother, stripping the clothes off her back, and your sisters and their little children, with Loeb's assistance, will be searched within an inch of their lives."

"Enough," he muttered, turning pale. "I did not dream of this." Taking the mortgage out of his inside pocket he

handed it over. "Take anything I have got," he muttered, "if you will only save those helpless women. Oh, say that you will!"

I smiled.

"Never!" I exclaimed. "I enjoy my work too much!"



Mine host, the shrewd innkeeper knew how to make the rattling post chaises stop at his gate. To his guest he served

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

With a glass of this mellow old liquor—what comfort! what dreaming! Aged in charred oak; bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



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Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris
Within shopping and theater district. Up-to-date.
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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

· LIFE ·



THE confident "know-how" of Firestone builders explains the confident security of Firestone users. The elimination of chance at the factory eliminates chance on the road.

The choice material of the world's choicest markets,—the highest skill of the world's most skilled tire builders, form the basis for Firestone extra mileage.

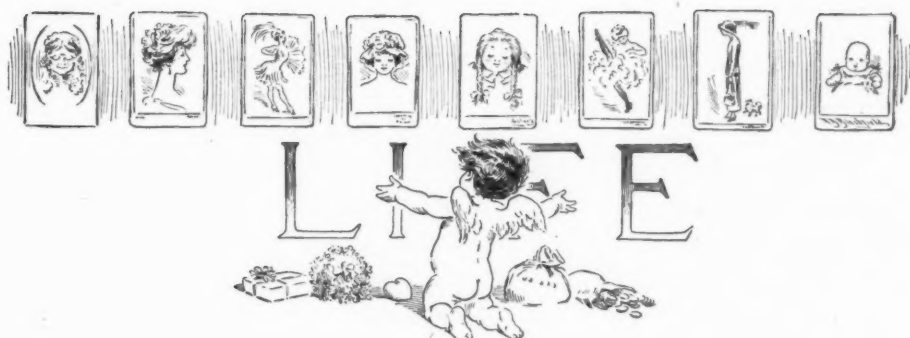
In all climates, on all roads, under every service condition, Firestone Tires have maintained unchallenged supremacy for a period of 12 years.

**Their Consistent Quality Has Established
Their Persistent Leadership**

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

AKRON, OHIO—All Principal Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"



Your Best Girl

EVERY man has a best girl waiting for him somewhere in the world. The moment that he is born, the catalogue clerk in Time's great factory assigns him to a best girl or else puts him on the waiting list.

There is no escaping your best girl. No matter where she may be born or how far apart from her you were when you started, the inevitable attraction will work your destiny, and when you meet you will both know it.

All that is lacking is the material realization, and inas-

much as all ideas eventually find their way to the surface, yours is bound to come.

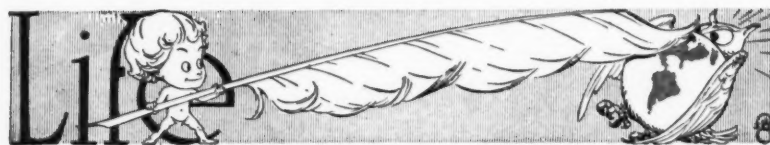
Sometimes a man's best girl is homely; sometimes her mouth is not a cupid's bow, and her features are irregular; that makes no difference; he will love her just the same when he meets her.

Also, she may be another man's wife. Such things have been known.

Here's hoping that it will not happen to you.



THE GIRL WHO PROMISED TO WAIT FOR HIM



"While there is Life there's Hope"



AFTER all, Mr. Bryan has his uses. But for him we might know at this writing who was nominated at Baltimore. We don't, and that is awkward; but, never mind! We harbor no grudge against Brother Bill on that account. Let the brethren at Baltimore take their time and have it out.

Five days, as we write, the Democratic convention has been sitting, off and on. The labors of the convention have been directed towards an adjustment of distrusts. There are two great ones: The distrust of Mr. Bryan's resolution not to be a candidate, and the distrust of the disposition of that wing of the party which nominated Judge Parker eight years ago, to switch the convention off the Progressive rails on to some side track of conservatism. Both these distrusts seem important and well founded.

The habit of not voting for Mr. Bryan is so firmly fixed on so many thousands of sincere Democrats that to nominate him has seemed a calamity, and one which a large group of delegates have been determined to avert. To go before the country with a ticket of which it could be charged that it was endorsed as "safe" by Ryan and Murphy, and started gyved with obligations to those persons, would have been another calamity. Mr. Bryan was as firmly resolved to avert that, as Murphy was to avert Mr. Bryan.

So far at the time of this writing, both of these calamities have been successfully averted. Mr. Murphy's services in averting Mr. Bryan have not yet been conspicuous because Mr. Bryan has not yet figured at Baltimore as a candidate. He has figured as the Bull Moose of the convention, and

has made a show not matched in any faunal exhibition held anywhere else this summer. He seems to have set out to do nothing less than to purge the Democratic party of Thomas Ryan and Tammany Hall. Of course, that is a big job; a much more ambitious undertaking than Murphy (and Ryan) have seemed to have in mind. They have not wanted to drive out Mr. Bryan. They have wanted the party to win; to win with his help and with any candidate except Bryan himself or perhaps Wilson; and with any platform that suited the convention. So they joined so cheerfully in passing Mr. Bryan's remarkable resolution that the convention was opposed to the nomination of any candidate who represented, or was under obligation to, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Belmont, "or any other member of the privilege, or favor, seeking class," that Mr. Bryan found it expedient to withdraw the impracticable second clause of his resolution that called for the withdrawal of individual delegates.

And then the convention went on and sat all night and cast a fruitless ballot early Friday morning, and twenty-five more of them that day and the next. But during the thirteenth ballot Mr. Bryan, shifting his vote as a delegate from Clark to Wilson, addressed the convention to explain that he did so because New York had shifted to Clark, and announced: "If the nominee of this convention has to have New York's ninety votes, I will not support him."



OUR readers will probably know what was finally accomplished at Baltimore. To us the situation looks hopeful. Mr. Bryan's great sur-

gical aspiration—the excision of Tammany, Ryan and Mr. Morgan's friends from the Democratic body—is probably too bold to be realized. The patient would lose too much good blood. One of Mr. Morgan's friends, for example, is Mr. Stetson, one of the best Democrats living, and lately a tower of strength in the fight to prevent Ryan and Murphy from sending Sheehan to the Senate. And, of course, there are lots of good men in Tammany—Senator O'Gorman, Judge O'Brien, and plenty more. But all the same there must be five or six million Democratic hearts that throb with passionate sympathy with Mr. Bryan's desire. Tammany is a millstone around the donkey's neck. It is in business first, and in politics as a detail of business. It has no political beliefs, no political principles. It cares nothing for the Democratic party except as a means of perpetuating its own profitable powers. It is marked for death, but it will die fighting, and meanwhile it goes to every convention with the same single purpose—to make such a bargain for itself as may best prolong its sordid life. Doubtless Mr. Bryan is selfish, but Tammany, in spite of all the good men in it, is one great yawning mouth. New York, a great stimulating metropolis, abounding in able men in the top of mental training, might give to the Democratic party the sort of leadership it has a right to expect from the representatives of the Democratic stronghold. Might, but for Tammany, which, faithful to its Roman affiliations, bends every individual to the uses of organization, and then consecrates organization to provision of its own bread and butter. The weakest candidate who can get the votes is Tammany's choice. "The worst for the people is the best for us" its practise.

And Ryan! Ryan? Ryan of the Metropolitan railroad? What has he to do in Democratic councils to be

VOL. LX.

JULY 11, 1912 No. 1350

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

sure? He will give money at election time, of course. What good else is money, and what else has he got that he can swap for power? Has he dreamed any dream? Has he seen any vision? Bryan is right about him and right about Tammany, and right to fight them both off the bridge and down into the hold if the Democratic ship is to sail her true course and make a port.



THE papers say that the Taft men at Chicago offered to nominate Governor Hadley, but that Mr. Roosevelt was not willing. The story seems to be confirmed both by Governor Hadley and Mr. Roosevelt. Or Hughes, if he would, or Cummins, might have been chosen, we read.

Here, it would seem, was a chance for Mr. Roosevelt to accomplish his duty to the Progressive cause and provide the Republican party with a Progressive candidate who had a chance to win.

Why didn't he?

Perhaps he thought an entry so heavily backed as himself could not be scratched without injustice to those who had laid money on him.

Perhaps he felt that being himself the Only One, a Progressive victory without him as the head victor would be an egg without salt and not relished by true Progressive patriots.

Perhaps he felt that the country wouldn't be entirely safe with Hadley, any more than with La Follette.

Perhaps he feared that Heney, Flinn, Dixon, Pinchot, Perkins, Munsey and the other Harvesters might not get from Hadley all that should be fairly coming to them.

Perhaps he didn't think quickly enough, and perhaps he just didn't want to. Who can tell? Somehow, when offered the chance to be the bob on the Progressive line, he elected to be the sinker.

He never will be anything else. He is tied now to the Progressive neck like a murdered hen to the collar of a naughty dog.



THE OVERDRAWN ACCOUNT

"OH! PLEASE UNCLE! JUST A FEW MORE JOURNEYS."



WHY not an Outcast party now, and a convention and an Outcast ticket!

Yea, verily!

Ryan and Belmont, Mr. Morgan, John D., Senator Lorimer—who next?

The MacNamaras are in jail and can't vote. Mr. Clarence Darrow might come in. And later in the season it may be possible to include the Colonel and Heney and Dr. Abbott and Flinn, unless the Outcasts decide that the party would no longer be comfortable with the Colonel in it. That, in our view, would be a narrow judgment. The Colonel and John D. would make an ideal Outcast ticket, not more novel than the ticket of Parker and that rich old West Virginia gentleman—what was his name?—that some of us voted only eight years ago. The Colonel ought to have Uncle John D. on his ticket, anyhow. If Uncle John really got interested and felt that he and the Colonel were out for a vindication, he could cough up in a fashion to make the Colonel feel that he had never really ridden in a political automobile before, and that that thing that Perkins and Munsey

took him around in before Chicago was a perambulator. *Stas above!* What a running mate Uncle John would make for an Outcast Progressive!

And the Outcast platform! Certainly it would put it over any other progressive platform. The gist of all the other platforms is, "Come, brethren, let us give somebody's money to the people." But the gist of the platform that represented Uncle John, and Mr. Morgan, and Ryan, and Belmont would be "Step up, fellers, and have some dough! It's real money! It's ours!" If that didn't appeal to the voters, what would? When Mr. Bryan read that platform he would grieve that he had not more hair to tear. Himself a sincere man, he would realize that here at last was a platform that meant business, and they'd have to festoon the party portals with barbed wire to keep him out.

But why keep him out? Does not he, too, belong with the Outcasts?

And Murphy, too. He and Uncle John and Ryan all naturally find their best repose in the same bed, and the Laird of Skibo with them. The Laird should be an Outcast, too, and go in with the rest for direct primaries, direct judges, direct Senators and a direct President, all to be underwritten and managed by the Directors.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1911, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,737 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,389.18
L. K. M.....	10.00
In Memory of Frances.....	10.00
Mrs. Edward S. Dana.....	10.00
Grace Palmer Melcer.....	10.00
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Margaret and Mary Elizabeth Cha- hoon.....	5.75
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"In memory of M. B. W".....	10.00

\$5,816.83

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

FRIEND JOHN.

I wish you were here I am having more sport than I ever had well Johnnie I wish you would do one favor for me try to put a good word in to try to keep my puppy cause I want him when I come home.

Your Friend ADELINE —
* * * * *

DEAR MOTHER we arrived safely and were having a pleasant time we had bean soup wendesday I got so fat that I almost bursted. Tell Aunt anna that Frank is taken it just like home.

From your dear son william.
kisses * * * * *

LIFE'S FARM,
BRANCHVILLE,
CONNECTICUT.

DEAR MOTHER.

I am having a fine time we get plenty to eat we swim in the brook every day I only got 5 cents between us Please send some money.

Goodbye.
From your son THOMAS.
* * * * *

DEAR PAPA:

We have fine times up in the country. It is called Life's Farm Branchville Conn. We have fine times playing games. We wash in the Brook. Mollie & Nettie are getting along well. We get fine food & plenty of bread.

Love from
SIMON & MOLLIE & NETTIE.
LIFE'S FARM,
BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Subscription to *Christian Science Monitor*.
Two dozen bottles Pain Killer, two dozen bottles Lung Balsam, from Davis & Lawrence Co., New York.
Package of clothing from Mrs. Elroy Curtis, East Orange, N. J.



Cupid: THIS TALK ABOUT LOVE BEING BLIND IS ALL D—— NONSENSE.



AT LIFE'S FARM
SOME PORTRAITS

The Problem is Solved

"THE wave of unrest here, as well as elsewhere, is the result of prosperity," says Have-lock Ellis. "It is only when working people are better off that they can better afford to strike."

How this simplifies the problem which economists, philanthropists and humanitarians have puzzled over throughout the ages. All we have to do to make working men contented and happy is to take them gently, but firmly, in hand, lower their wages, increase their hours of labor, take their savings away from them by high finance or some other legitimate process and screw the cost of living up a few more notches. Then they will all be satisfied. Things will quickly settle down and all will be as peaceful as a Saturday afternoon in Wall Street or a Sunday in Brooklyn.



Bashful Lover: I CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF BEING RUN OVER BY AN AUTO TO-DAY. IT WAS AS CLOSE AS I AM TO YOU.
"AND YOU CALL THAT A NARROW ESCAPE?"

146 This Time

SOMEWHAT illuminating was the rumpus over Dr. Hideyo Naguchi.

This Benevolent Person was accused by certain well-known New Yorkers of inflicting human beings with a horrible disease. Thereupon his co-workers rose up in wrath and said the accusers were liars. The co-workers maintain that whatever Dr. Hideyo Naguchi injected into these "forty-six normal individuals, chiefly children between the ages of two and eighteen, and one hundred individuals suffering from various diseases," was a harmless material.

Beneficial, perhaps!

The public is assured by his defenders that it was merely "an emulsion from dead germs and quite sterile."

We are wondering why these busy gentlemen should waste their time with a material so dead and sterile that it could produce no active results. There certainly was a purpose in trying it upon 146 persons. And some trouble.

Do researchers ever inject these germs into the blood of their own children?

We think not.

The accusers ask in their pamphlet:

"Are the helpless people in our hospitals and asylums to be treated as so much material for scientific experimentation, irrespective of age or consent? Does the general public appreciate the danger of such experimentation?"



"AN OLD MAN'S DARLING"



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, ADAM. I'VE HUNTED EVERYWHERE AND I CAN'T GET A SERVANT FOR LOVE OR MONEY"

Where Do You Live?

TO the East ancestors are most important; to the West descendants are most important.

The East delights in memory; the West in prophecy.

The East says, This thing is rather unpleasant and inconvenient for us, but it served our fathers well; therefore we will keep it. The West says, This thing will be a nuisance for us, brought up in other customs, but it will serve our children well; therefore we will adopt it.

The East, though moving slowly forward, looks backward; the West,

though sometimes moving backward, yet looks forward.

The East takes delight in being behind the times; the West, in being ahead of them.

The East is History; the West is Apocalypse.

Life's Lucid Lexicon

ABILITY—Power or skill. Once held in high esteem, but since the introduction of money it is affected only by inferior persons.

Fame—Being honored by those whom you believe to be your inferiors.

Obscurity—Being ignored by the same.

Will You Be Presented This Year?

Life's Fashion Reform League Shows You How To Stand in the Presence of Royalty--Some New Summer Designs.

WE hasten to correct several adverse criticisms, relative to our methods of doing business, which have recently come to our attention. Notably the one in which we are accused of employing child labor in our magnificent quarters in Life Park (formerly Central).

It is quite true that at present we have on our payroll about twelve hundred children, but they are working for us under ideal conditions. The foreman of our children's department is a former Sunday school superintendent, and while the children are working on shirtwaists and other necessary material in order to furnish our patrons with the highest designs in art, they are read to by professional readers, who thereby keep them entertained and amused. It will be seen, therefore, that the charge that we are cruel to the children is entirely false.

Not only this, but all children in our employ come in constant contact with most of our wealthy customers,



"Hydro-panne-velvet pannier diving skirt for matrons, and a deeply woven design of clam shells over muscles for the athletic coquette."



"One of our eighteen thousand dollar court trains that excited Queen Mary's reluctant attention"

thereby bringing into lives that would be otherwise cheerless new rays of sunshine.

We give our children a week's vacation every summer, which enables them to recuperate in cases where this is necessary. But, generally speaking, they take so much pleasure in their work that they hate to leave.

In the meantime, we are introducing some summer innovations which nobody can afford to miss. One of our latest creations for the seaside is a sleeveless batiste lounging costume with a Watteau pannier, so designed that there are practically no lines to it, the material being stretched loosely upon the figure.

Some of our bathing tiaras—as low as a thousand dollars each—are marvels of construction. Up to recently it was supposed that salt water injured diamonds, but we guarantee all of our tiaras for one season, and in cases where the diamonds drop out they will be renewed at moderate cost.

We recommend to our customers who wish pearls to buy the imitation variety. A good rope of imitation pearls, which you cannot tell from the real, can be obtained for as low as five thousand dollars, whereas the real cost five thousand and fifty.

To all brides returning from their honeymoons we desire to call attention to the fact that trousseaux will have to be renewed. This, indeed, is the critical time with every bride, because if you do not train your husband immediately into the belief that your wardrobe must be kept up, it will affect your whole future.

Send your trousseau to us at once upon your return and we will go over it and revamp it at a moderate figure. All communications confidential.

To our customers who are going abroad we would recommend that they obtain from us a complete court train for presentation. This includes a purple velvet entourage train, lined with point lace on the inside, eighteen



Foreman of Jury: PLEASE STOP CRYING AND WE'LL HAND IN
ANY VERDICT YOU WANT

yards long, and held up with pinions of solid gold chains set with pigeon blood rubies.

One of our customers writes from London:

DEAR SIR:

Both Mary and George exclaimed when they saw me at the court presentation to-day. I had on one of your eighteen thousand dollar court trains and they both agreed they never had seen anything like it. "It takes Americans to do these things," said Mary to me.

Merely send you this line of grateful appreciation.

Before leaving for London drop in and go through a court rehearsal. Unless you have been presented before you are likely to make some awkward break, and nothing is more important than that every American should know what to do in the presence of true royalty. One of our customers fell down several times last week in trying to make a proper bow.

To all ladies who weigh over two hundred pounds our preliminary exercises before presentation at court are absolutely necessary. Just as you are carefully inclining in front of the throne and slip and fall it is very awkward indeed to have to explain to the King and Queen personally that this is your first offense. Therefore we

caution all of our patrons to preserve the honor of our country by making sure of themselves beforehand.

It might be well to state that our court costumes are now being extensively worn by a number of Europeans, who prefer them to those they get abroad.

We furnish presentation costumes for all American ambassadors, from plenipotentiaries down to assistant consuls.

At the head of our men's department is a retired bishop who has been presented at every court in Europe and has a sense of dignity that is not equaled by W. J. Bryan.

We have recently introduced into our establishment a system of scientific management, and are hereafter enabled to offer you complete supervision during the year at a fixed sum, payable either monthly or quarterly in advance. For twenty-five thousand dollars a year we can guarantee a social success and a good appearance wherever you go.

If you have any children, we advise you to place them with us at once, as otherwise they will acquire independent ideas, which will be more expensive in the long run.

We can take care of children from ten to eighteen for about ten thousand dollars a year a piece.

Remember that our motto is, "America for the Americans," and that Paris is now aping us.



"IS THIS SEAT ENGAGED?"

Intimate Interviews



"I'm ready to believe almost anything"

Thomas A. Edison

"HAVE a cigar?"

We shuddered and refused. Mr. Edison's cigars have as wide a reputation as his abilities. And, by the way, we commend to Dr. Pease, and to other nicotine denouncers, the interesting fact that Mark Twain and Thomas Edison—two of America's greatest creative geniuses—have smoked their way through life regardless of cranks or consequences.

Mr. Edison's New Jersey home is littered up with ancient trolley cars, defunct storage batteries and various kinds of electric debris.

We sat on an ancient steering gear and chatted with the inventor.

"How did you like your trip to Europe?"

"It was interesting because of the things that I didn't learn. I have been staying at home learning things all my life, and it was a relief to get out into the world where there wasn't anything doing."

"Well, Mr. Edison, we don't care much about what you have been learning or your trivial inventions, such as the electric light, the phonograph and a few other trifles like that. What we really want to know is, How do you stand on the question of Immortality?"

Mr. Edison smiled.

"Every once in a while," he said, "somebody asks me about Immortality and whether I believe in it or not. As a matter of fact, it is the only subject on earth in which I'm not interested."

"Do you mean to say that you don't sit up nights worrying about the future? Do you mean to say that the des-

tiny of man and the thought of where you are going doesn't make you nervous and excited and rob you of your sleep?"

"I never think about it."

"Then your belief is anything you please."

"I'm ready to believe almost anything if it will help any of the newspaper boys to write an article about me. If by having a new belief, or by twisting around some of the old beliefs, I can make any hack writer like yourself pay his rent—what's the harm?"

"That's your reputation among us, Mr. Edison, but think of the awful responsibility. Why, people will get so that after a while they won't believe anything you say."

Mr. Edison smiled.

"They don't now," he replied, "until I prove it to them."

An Advertisement

WANTED—A Graft. Something modern and automatic, that can be used in connection with the Parcels Post. It has been found that the express graft cannot be abolished until an appropriate graft substitute can be devised. Accordingly we cannot have a Parcels Post until it can be fitted with a suitable graft appendage.

Inventive geniuses desirous of turning their attention to this crying national need and wishing an analogous working model should study the redeposit plan which was fastened to the Postal Savings Bank.

One good graft replaces another.

E. O. J.



STOCK REPORT

EXCHANGE WAS STEADY AFTER ADVANCES IN JULY WHEAT



He: IT'S THAT IDIOT, JENKS. HE'S ALWAYS BUTTING IN!

An Emotional Drama

SHE stood, calm and majestic, awaiting his arrival. As he entered the room she threw him a sharp glance. A little embarrassed, he scattered his eyesight, whereupon she flung him a bitter taunt. Goaded beyond endurance, he hurled invectives, and she burst into tears. Then his voice broke; she cast down her eyes, her face fell, and she dropped her hands at her side.

He lost his head, his temples were overturned and his courage oozed out at his finger ends. He was beside himself, and stood rooted to the spot. She crushed him with a look, and he was all broken up.

She, too, was terribly upset and went all to pieces.

By chance the parlor-maid entered.

Seeing the debris, she swept the room with a glance and immediately dusted.

Carolyn Wells.

The Passionate Suburbanite to His Love

COMMUTE with me, Love, and be merry;

How vain in the City to dwell
When apple-trees blow in Dobbs' Ferry
And lilacs adorn New Rochelle!
White Plains is the Garden of Allah
And Pelham's the Pearl of the Sea;
There's bliss in the name of Valhalla—
Oh, fly to the Suburbs with me!

Then won't you commute on my family ticket?

To Westchester County we'll flee.
Delightful Westchester,
What place is sequester!
Oh, won't you commute, Love, with me?

I'll pluck you the earliest crocus
In Orange or Englewood, fair;
We'll sport on the meads of Hohokus,
We'll ramble through Cultured Montclair:

We'll rest in Exclusive Tuxedo,
Or Nutley, for artists renowned,
And still shall I carol my credo,
"The Suburbs are Paradise Found."

Then won't you commute on my family ticket?

Perhaps you prefer New Jersey,
For who could grow weary
Of life on the Erie!
Then won't you commute, Love, with me?

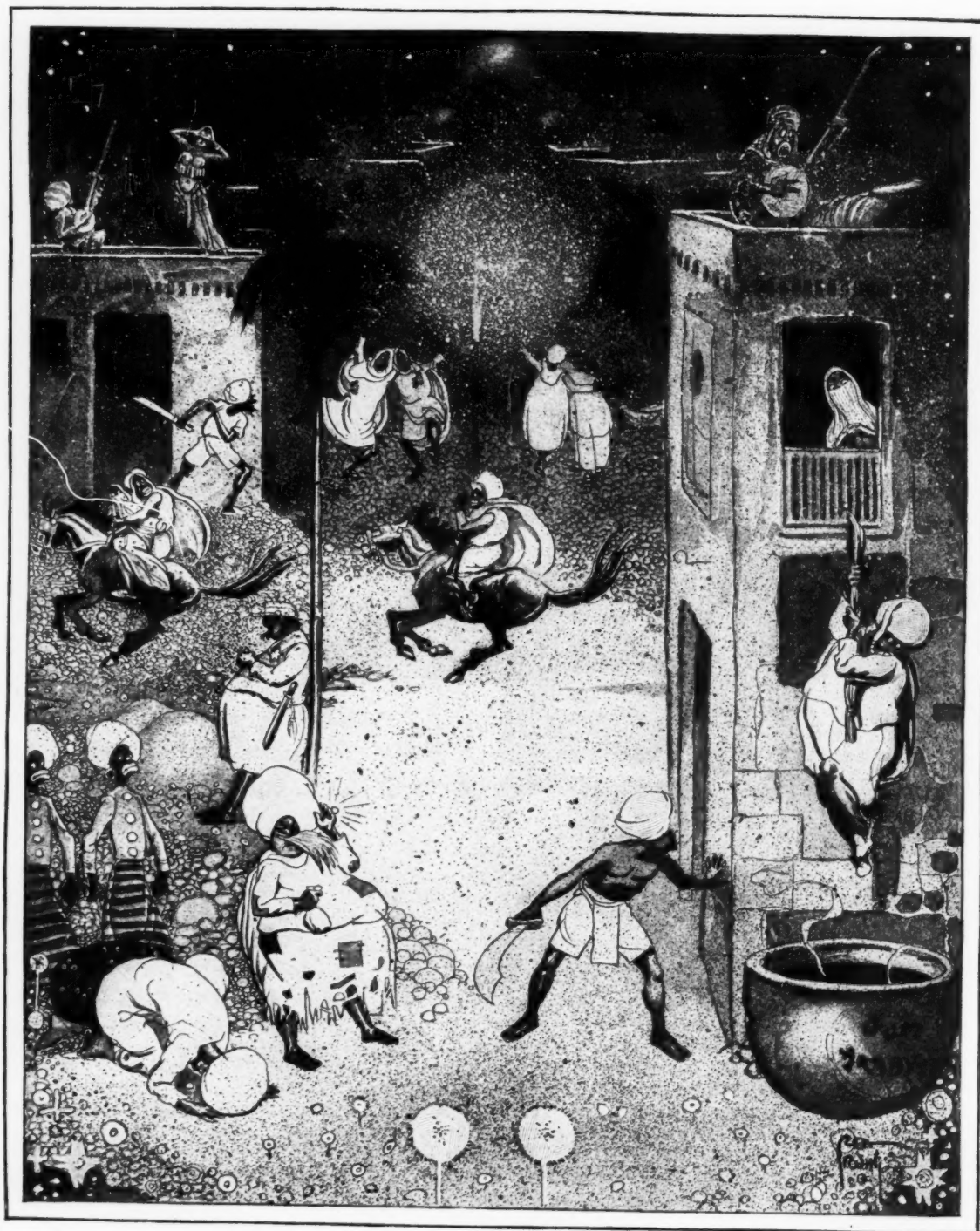
The Isle 'twixt the Sound and the Ocean—

Ah, has it no Message for you?
I cannot but think with emotion
Of Flushing, Jamaica and Kew,
Of Bayshore, of youthful vacations,
Of Little Neck, Great Neck and Quogue,
And all of the other Clam Stations,
Including Speonk and Patchogue.

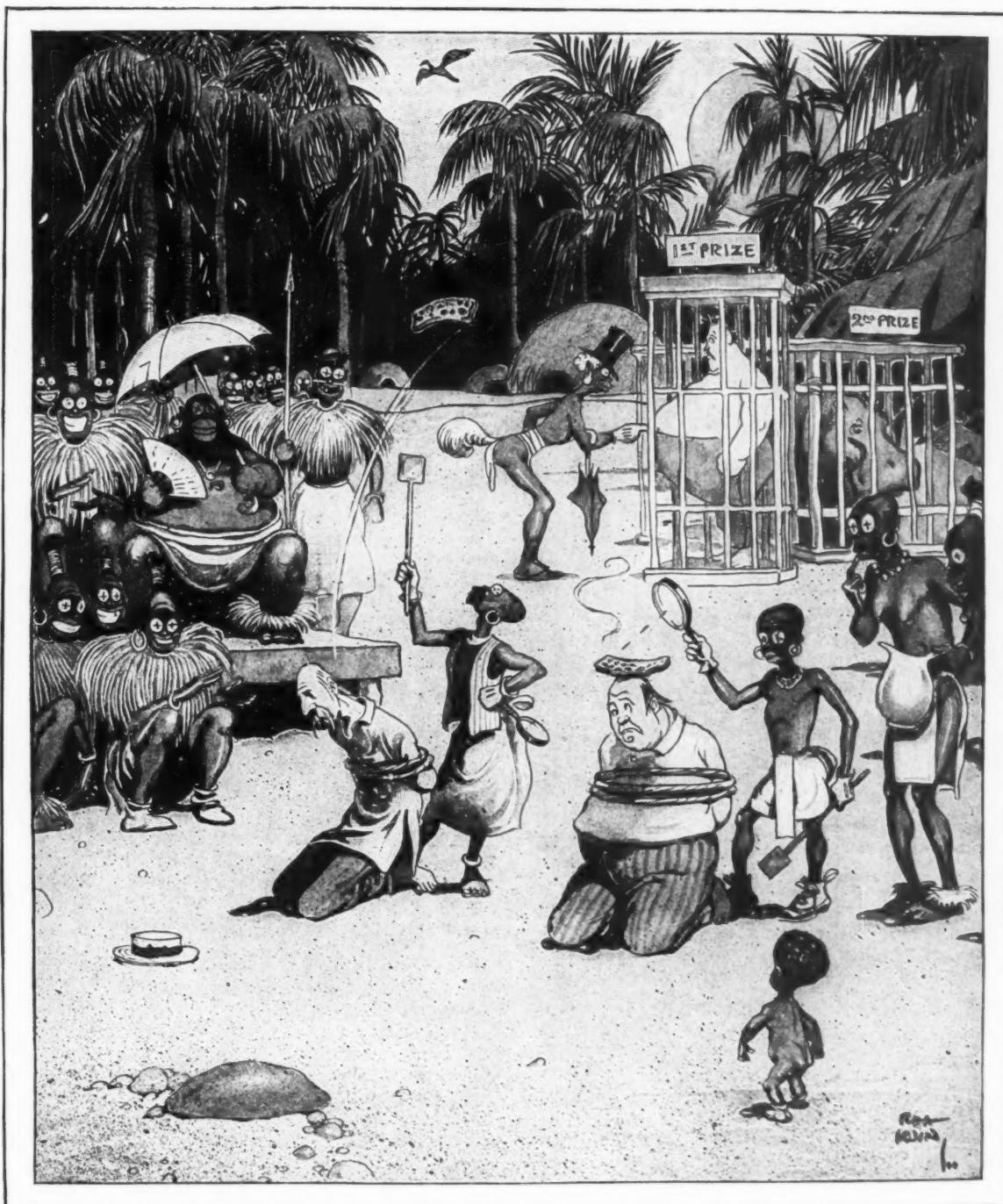
Then come take a trip on my family ticket

Where Long Island breezes blow free.
To live on the Subway
Is surely a dub way—
Then fly to the Suburbs with me!

Arthur Guiterman.



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
AN ARABIAN NIGHT



GRADUATING EXERCISES OF A COOKING SCHOOL IN DARKEST AFRICA
THE WAFFLE CLASS

Afar

OH, leagues of tossing, tumbled sea
I loved so very dear—
You take my joy away from me—
My love is far from here!

Oh, leagues of shining, changing blue,
So wonderful and deep—
Bear out upon the heart of you
The memory I keep!

On all the little, crested waves,
That rise and fall and break,
On all the foam that sea beach loves
My whispered message take!

In every, curv'd, tinted shell,
In each entangled weed,
The passion of my yearning tell
That he alone may read.

Upon the gleaming, silver strand
He treads so far away—
As clear as written by my hand,
The longing of to-day!

That all the breakers white that leap
Upon the rocky shore
May tell him that alone I weep
And love him evermore.

Oh, winds that blow; oh, stars that
shine,
Oh, restless, ceaseless sea,
Take, take this aching heart of mine
To him who waits for me!
Leolyn Louise Everett.

Window Smashing

DR. ETHEL SMYTHE, of London, recently testified in court that the reason she smashed a certain Mr. Harcourt's windows was because that gentleman had made the statement that he would not object to women voting if they were all of them as intelligent and as admirable as his own wife.

Mrs. Smythe got mad at this and let herself loose. Moreover, she claimed that she had a perfect right to smash any man's windows who made the statement that his wife was intelligent.

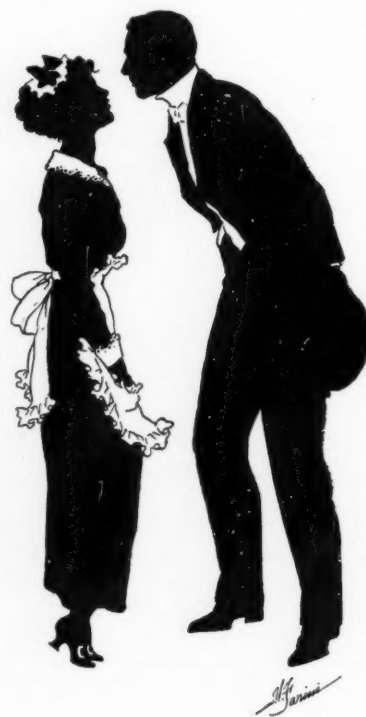
We must, however, not be too hard upon Mrs. Smythe. We must remember that this happened in England. It is not the practise of all Englishmen to praise their wives in public. The fact that Mr. Harcourt did it was

doubtless reprehensible. He ought to have known better.

American men praise their wives as a matter of habit. They praise them because they admire them, and because they like to pay their bills, and rejoice in the fact that their wives are easily superior beings. That is the reason the suffrage movement in this country is not so serious as it is in England. The American man is not trying very much to oppose it; he smiles at it, and tolerates it, and doesn't much mind it.

The American man is not getting his windows smashed for praising his own wife because she is superior. The American man does not always think that his wife is superior. Sometimes he thinks that the wives of other men are superior. If he praised his own wife nobody would care.

The only thing for Mr. Harcourt to do is to immigrate to America. Here he can say what he pleases in his own wife's favor and live in a glass house if he wants to. He will be perfectly safe.



READY MAID

The Operation

DOCTORS to right of him,
Doctors to left of him,
Doctors in front of him,
Eager and questful,
Each with a skillful eye
To find the reason why—
What though the patient die?
It was successful!

G. B. S.

The Business Situation

MR. VELVET PILLOWFEET, the well-known burglar, returned from Europe yesterday on the *Pelumbic*. When asked about the business situation he said:

"There is no need for worry over the burglar business. In spite of the disturbances of recent months, underlying conditions are sound and resources are plentiful. And yet, although I am thoroughly optimistic, I want to say that no noticeable revival of burglary can be looked for at once. So long as the authorities continue their meddling, and so long as the people are willing to listen to inflammatory agitators, our solidest burglars will not undertake new commitments. The public mind has been stirred up until it thinks burglars are much worse than they really are. It is actually coming to the point in this country where a man who is good to his family cannot turn a dishonest penny without having to undergo annoying investigations by Congress and the police and the muck-rakers.

"I do not deny, of course, that burglary should be regulated, nor do I object to a modicum of government control which might even go so far as to limit the amount which a duly-licensed burglar may make at any one haul, but I do think that burglary should be taken out of politics. For this purpose I favor the creation of a National Burglary Board, to be appointed by the President and composed of leading respectable burglars."

Ellis O. Jones.

Speed

"WHAT broke up their happy home?"

"It skidded, and struck a telegraph pole."



A.B. WALKER

"I'S GOING TO THE SEASHORE AND WANT SOME WHITE STOCKINGS FOR MY BATHING SUIT."
"BLACK ARE GENERALLY WORN."
"I DON'T THINK THEY'S MODEST ON DARK LADIES."

The Coddling Process

MR. OWEN JOHNSON has offered two hundred and fifty dollars for the best plan for socially reorganizing the colleges. One of the charges Mr. Johnson makes is that the college is a hotbed of snobbery.

While we are willing to admit everything that Mr. Johnson alleges against the college, does not the real fault lie with the American parents, and would not a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for socially reorganizing them be more to the point?

The American father applies to his children the same principles that he applies to his business. It has been discovered that a man can make more money by concentrating all of his energies at one point, and with the surplus profit which he is able to accumulate in this way he can then afford to pay for the services necessary in other directions.

That is what our parents are doing with the education of their children.

The first thing that happens when a child is born is to turn him over to a trained nurse, nobody being more incompetent than the average mother.

The next thing in order, after the baby has successfully survived the trained nurse (his chances being greater with her than with the mother), is that he shall be sent to school, in order to get rid of him, as some mothers explain.

After he finishes school his father, who has not taken the slightest personal interest in his education, places him in college. After he has been graduated from college the father suddenly awakens to the fact that he has on his hands a thoroughly incompetent person, unfitted by nature or training to make a living, and very much handicapped therefrom by the snobbery that he has acquired in college.

The father of a boy once applied to a Greek philosopher to ask him to undertake the education of the youth.

"How old is he?" said the philosopher.

"Three years," replied the father.

"Then," said the philosopher, "it is too late."

If anything is to be done about the American college, or, indeed, about the ridiculously antiquated school system extant in this country, it will have to begin with the home.

When parents are compelled to spend a large part of their time in personally training their children, we shall begin to get results. At present about the only thing that the college does is to unfit the boy for taking care of himself.

We have come to believe that the home is a by-product of the school, whereas the school ought never to be anything but a by-product of the home.

T. L. M.

WOMAN: What do you charge for procuring a divorce?

LAWYER: Fifty dollars; but if you can get up a club of six, ten per cent. off!



"I GIVE YOU MY WORD THREE SEVENTY-FIVE IS ALL I HAVE IN THE HOUSE."

"WELL, SAY! WHEN YE FIGURE ME TIME AN' ME TOOLS, HOW D'YE EXPECT ME TO MAKE ANY PROFIT AT THAT RATE?"



Naming the Da



...ming the Day

A Bug Balzac

WITH your permission I would like to introduce you to a delightful old gentleman who lives in the south of France and who has evolved a new kind of book.

Of course I know that first off this does not sound very exciting. New kinds of books and new kinds of breakfast food are about equally plentiful these days. And they generally prove about equally familiar to the palate and about equally lacking in nourishment. Our difficulty is not so much to discover them as to dodge them.

But, honestly, this old gentleman's book is different. It would be more aptly compared to a new kind of meat at the butcher's. And I am sure that nothing could be much more exciting than that.

The old gentleman's name is J. H. Fabre. His age is somewhere in the seventies. He is, and has been for half a century, a recluse and an entomologist. And his book—by no means his first, but the first to reach us in English—is called "Social Life in the Insect World" (Century).

"Not," you are saying to yourself, "a very hopeful introduction. Who wants to meet another scientific bug-fancier or another nature-fakerish exploiter of insect activities?" But wait a bit. M. Fabre is a scientist, but he is also a personality. He is a bug-fancier, but he is also a Balzac. His essays are chapters in a "*Comedie Cosmique*."

He writes in crystalline prose of the lives he has studied, of the secrets he has surprised, and of his adventures by the way. He shows in turn the unassuming culture of the scholar, the sympathetic understanding of the poet, the dramatist's sense of the tragic and the mysterious, and the scientist's passion for truth. His defense of the Cigale against the age-old libels of the fable; the romantic flare

of his "Night of the Great Peacock"—the love flight of the Emperor Moths; the haunting sense of unsolved mystery in "The Bee Hunter," and the keen detective work detailed in "The Oak Eggar"—each of these delights us in a different way. But somehow, as one accompanies him, these engrossing but microscopic matters take on a subtler significance and fall into perspective with broader horizons. We open the volume convinced, after the fashion of our own and doubtless of all other species, of our own unique importance; the self-styled heirs of the ages and objects of creation. We close it, if we have not read blindly, no longer the Lords of Life, but a Link in its Endless Chain.

JAMES BRYCE'S remarkable autobiographical volume, "The Story of a Ploughboy" (John Lane. \$1.25), with its slowly cumulative, yet vividly realized panoramic picture of rural life in contemporary Scotland, forms a striking companion piece to M. Fabre's book. The one leads us to envisage insect life as a component part of the interrelated cosmic drama. The other shows us, with silent but inescapable sinistry, men as insects, blindly following their entomological instincts, self-centered and self-seeking, blood brothers to the beetle and the bug.

How much of the author's published story is authentic reminiscence and how much is superadded fiction is neither obvious nor important. The whole rings true to a deeper truth than the fortuitous incident of mere chronological occurrence. It not only makes us, in memory, partakers of the life it depicts, but it brings us by a circuitous but carefully predetermined road, face to face with the most vital question of our day—the worth or worthlessness of our altruistic ideals.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

BY J. B. KERFOOT



Alexander's Bridge, by Wila S. Cather. An excellent novelette dealing with a flaw in a character that ruined a career.

The American People, by A. Maurice Low. A psychological analysis of the emergence of a new national type from its heterogeneous elements.

The Guests of Hercules, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. The comet-like career of a convent-bred ingenue at Monte Carlo. An entertaining tale against a vivid background.

A Hoosier Chronicle, by Meredith Nicholson. A gallery of attractive genre studies and locally colorful scenes from Indiana life connected by a mildly melodramatic plot.

It, by Gouverneur Morris. A dozen short stories on strongly contrasting themes by an expert and resourceful technician.

Julia France and Her Times, by Ger-

trude Atherton. A brilliant novel dealing with a young girl's rise to leadership in the English Feminist Movement.

Kant and Spencer, by Borden Parker Bowne. In which an eminent theologian pats Emanuel somewhat patronizingly on the shoulder and rips Herbert vindictively up the back.

The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina, by Jeanne Bartholow Magoun. The diary of a dupe. A bit of skillfully illiterate literature.

The Old Nest, by Rupert Hughes. A touching story of the old folks at home, written as an appeal to the thoughtless.

The Sentence of Silence, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. A plea for sane education in regard to sex, but also an exceptional piece of fiction dealing with contemporary American life.

Sharrow, by Bettina Von Hutten. The

temperamental tale of a collateral representative of an ancient English family.

Social Life in the Insect World, by J. H. Fabre. See above.

A Son of the Sun, by Jack London. Stirring stories of the South Seas. Selected adventures of an archipelagic captain of industry.

The Story of a Ploughboy, by James Bryce. See above.

The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm, by Charles E. Van Loan. A team of nine baseball stories whose batting average is pretty high.

What Is and What Might Be, by Edmund Holmes. A remarkable monograph dealing with the lost energy in our mechanical system of elementary education.

Whispers About Women, by Leonard Merrick. A few clever short stories and a number of commonplace ones.



THE OUTLAW

Life's Family Album

Francis W. Crowninshield

WHY is it, we wonder, that the born creator is always so reluctant to divide the spoils of his own mind with his friends. If you knew the trouble we have had to get Frank Crowninshield to write anything for *LIFE*! But this is a plain family album and not a history of troubles. Suffice it to say that this young man is one of the most delightful writers we have—and he doesn't know it! No wonder he is so good, when it has taken so many generations of Harvard College to produce him, for his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather all went there.

We circled contemplatively around the roof of the *Century Magazine* one day recently, thinking of all these things and wondering just when would be the psychological moment to descend upon young Crowninshield. The truth is, that under a gay and debonair manner, he conceals an almost fiendish ability to dissect one's motives, and we knew the moment he looked at us that he would be calculating our horsepower to the fraction of an ounce.

"Mr. Crowninshield," we began, after being duly settled, "it is quite useless to conceal our purpose from one so astute. We are here for stern business reasons. We want to publish your picture in *LIFE* and tell the secret

of your extraordinary literary charm. First, then, where were you born?"

"In Paris."

"Ha! That accounts for something—for that Gallic sense of art, the desperate necessity for having a thing well done—for not doing it at all until it can be well done. And when did you return to this continent?"

"At the age of ten."

"Did you, too, go to Harvard?"

"I prepared myself for that contingency, but illness prevented and I was taken to Italy, where I attended the University of Rome until I returned home at the age of twenty-one."

"And since then—?"

"I have been connected with various publishing houses. I also served a term as school commissioner."

"And why is it, Mr. Crowninshield, with all of these advantages, together with the possession of admirable taste and a fine sense of humor, you persist in writing so little for *LIFE*?"

At this instant we felt ourselves being pushed gently but irretrievably off the roof. This compelled us, much against our will, to turn on the engine and fly away homeward.

A Statement

TO the Public:

As there have been numerous severe criticisms of the attitude of my company toward its employees in the recent strike, I desire to make a statement that will correct the misapprehensions that exist.

I wish to say that the demands of the employees are absolutely unjustifiable. Anyone who knows me knows this to be true without a doubt. You may ask any of my neighbors and they will tell you, that I am very good to my family, that I am always ready to help anyone who wishes to borrow money on good security, that I contribute liberally to the church and would be willing to help the poor if they would only let me. I simply cannot understand why my employees are not satisfied. I am an upright man and not afraid to meet my Maker.

Submitted in all sincerity and the fear of God.

ETHAN COUPONS,
President, The Child Labor
Manufacturing Co.

His Experience

SMALL BOY: Papa, when you are baptized, does it mean that you don't have to go to church any more?



LOW LIFE



SNAILS

Politics in Peerville

"CAN it be possible?"

Miss Phoebe Pinkton, the newly elected Mayor of the Borough of Peerville, sat facing Mr. Timothy Allen.

The week before there had been an exciting election in Peerville. Miss Pinkton, who had begun her career by taking a course in a law school and had served three years on the Board of Education, had run against Mr. Timothy Allen, and, although the vote had been close, she had won.

She was now sitting in the Mayor's chair. Mr. Allen was paying his first visit. He had taken the precaution to close the door before he sat down.

"Yes," he said in answer to her sur-

prised question, "it is true. I can show you the papers."

"Never mind,"—impatiently—"I believe you. Every one knows that you are truthful. Just explain it."

Mr. Allen smiled in a self-conscious way. He was plainly embarrassed.

"It was like this," he proceeded, slowly. "I—er—that is, a preliminary canvass revealed that the thing was going my way. Now the boys in the Highland Avenue district were all loyal to me—I could count on them. They represented thirty votes. I called 'em together and asked 'em to vote for you—as a favor. I put it on the ground that I didn't want the mayoralty yet—and

—well, they obeyed. That is, about twenty of 'em did. You got in by sixteen votes. You see, I could have had it."

"Why did you do this?"

"Miss Phoebe! I did it for your sake. I knew it was your pet ambition. I knew if the thing went against you it would turn you against me. I wasn't going to tell, but I had to. It was on my conscience. You see, Miss Phoebe—I—er—I, love you!"

The Mayor elect—or Mayoress, if you will—rose up from her chair. If her mind had been less judicial she might have shown signs of emotion.

(Continued on page 1410)



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

On the New Haven R. R.

Danbury Branch

MR. EDITOR:

'Twas in the prime
Of summer time
The air—exhilaration—
And four and twenty travelers
Set out on their vacation.

They took the cars,
All jolts and jars,
The Fairfield County Crawler.
No seats at hand, fares in demand,
Conductor's name was Brawler.

Six hours late—
One day to wait—
To make a good connection.
They left the train, they trod the plain—
Their journey's end—dejection.

TRAVELER.

"American People"

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: As a constant reader of LIFE, I was quite surprised to read the unreasonable and prejudiced letter in the number of May 30 entitled "Worse Than a Trimmer," concerning President Taft.

In the first place, Mr. Taft was not elected as a Unitarian, but as an American, and Catholic votes helped to elect him, as well as Protestant ones. What the writer means by "American people" is difficult to understand, but he seems to think it is synonymous with "Protestant." It would seem that the fifteen millions or more Catholics of the United States had no rights in their own country. It is a known fact that there are no more loyal citizens in the United States than Catholics, and I am at a loss to know why the teachings of the oldest and most numerous body of Christians should be un-American. I am a Catholic and I cannot understand why I am not as loyal an American as any Protestant simply because I belong to a religion which teaches me to have respect for all duly constituted authority.

In his acts regarding religious matters Mr. Taft has always shown himself to be President of all the people and not any one section of them. In rescinding Valentine's order in the Indian school case Mr. Taft was simply giving all those

interested a chance to have a hearing in the matter. What could be more un-American than to deny a condemned person the right to defend himself?

The writer also calls the Catholic a "foreign" religion. Why is it "foreign" any more than any other? Were Luther, Calvin and Henry VIII. Americans? They were not when I learned history.

Catholics are not seeking any favors, but simply want justice like the rest of their fellow citizens. In conclusion it might be added that if Protestants, instead of worrying about the affairs of other Christian religions, would spend their time in fighting divorce, vice, socialism, anarchism and the numerous other isms which are gaining a foothold in our fair country, their churches, would not be empty and they would not find time for such foolish and antiquated bigotry.

Yours very truly,

W. J. McCafferty.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
June 4, 1912.

A Passing Tribute

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: I notice in the issue of LIFE of June 6 another of your senseless tirades against the Rockefeller Institute and the medical profession generally. The article suggests that some member of the Institute offer himself as the subject of experiments looking to the removal of the stomach, spleen, portions of the brain and other useless organs.

My impulse upon reading the guff was to offer the counter suggestion that the man on your staff who turns out that particular line of rot offer himself, but I realize the utter impossibility of removing even an infinitesimal portion of brain from his head and still leaving any.

And as a personal favor, don't publish this in LIFE under the moth-eaten caption of "Thanks, Doctor," as I don't happen to be one, nor have we one in the family. What LIFE needs, if it is to progress, is to realize that muckraking is going out of style and that its readers don't really give a whoop in Hoboken what its opinion may be on the subjects of vaccination, suffrage, etc.

G. E. KIRK.

PHILADELPHIA,
June 5, 1912.

Verb. Sap.

This extract from a letter written by a correspondent in Illinois may possibly be of value to whomsoever it most concerns:

The thing about LIFE which I like best of all is its attitude toward the so-called lower animals. Next to that, I admire the fearless manner in which it exposes vaccination and similar abominations, which are drying thousands of people to Osteopathic and Christian Science practitioners. The National League for Medical Freedom was not organized a minute too soon.

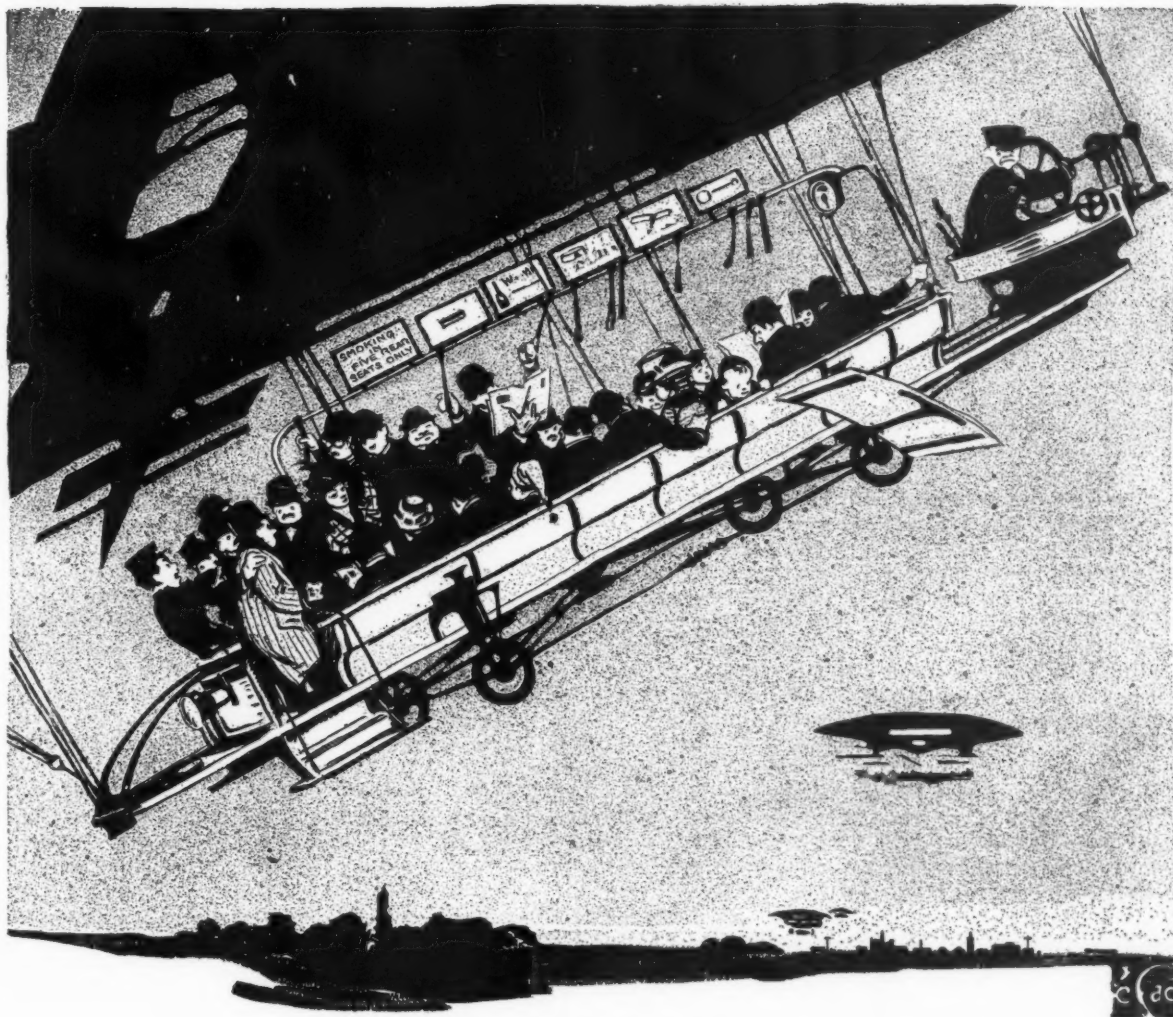
Sincerely yours,

WALTER MCROBERTS.

Is there a partial explanation in the above lines of the medical doctors' decreasing incomes?



HOW THE ANIMAL TRAINER GETS RELIEF
DURING THE MOSQUITO SEASON



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION

"MOVE UP FORWARD, PLEASE!"

Human Nature

MUCH of the trouble in society is due to human nature. If human nature were different, many of our problems would solve themselves and disappear at once. As it is, we find that children who are brought up in slums amid unsanitary and unrefined surroundings, who are put to work in sweatshops and mines at an early age, who are denied schooling and other ordinary advantages—we find that they are very apt to turn out criminals or otherwise undesirable citizens.

If human nature were not so perverse, it could be arranged that these children, no matter what their early training, would be found at twenty to be polished and

urbane Chesterfieldians, with "after you" constantly upon their lips, altruism in their hearts, reverent of our institutions, respectful of our laws, and sufficiently cultured to enable them to choose the most respectable political party, endorse its undying principles and vote for its eternal candidates.

Let some alchemist apply himself to this problem. If we could but have a more pliable and a more inconsistent human nature, then we could reap where we had not sown.

E. O. J.

WORK hard and deny yourself while you are young, so that when you are old you may have things you cannot enjoy.



What General Grant Wore

A little girl was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War." She got on swimmingly until she reached Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. Then she told how Lee wore his sword and was handsomely attired in full uniform; "while Grant," she announced, "had on nothing but an old, ragged union suit."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

At Two o'Clock in the Morning

THE JOLLY FELLOW (to the man above, who has been dragged from his bed by the wild ringing of his front door bell): One of your windows is wide open.

MR. DRESSING GOWN: Thanks awfully, old man. Which one is it?

THE JOLLY FELLOW: The one you have your head out of. Ta-ta!

—Pearson's Weekly.

No place feels like home after you have once lived in the White House.

—Brooklyn Eagle.



POLLYTECHNIQUE

Self Evident

LIZ: Wot makes 'em go up in the air, them things?

ALF: W'y, the blinkin' hinjin, yer silly kid.

LIZ: Well, ain't motors got hinjins?

ALF: Corse they 'as, but they ain't got no wings, 'ave 'em?

LIZ: Then it's the wings as makes 'em go up, ain't it?

ALF: Pawtly. Well, it's like this: They runs along the grahnd a bit, an' then the wind gits under the wings, and hup they go! See?

LIZ: Wunnerful, ain't it?

ALF: Jest abaht.

LIZ: An' 'ow do they come dahn, then, Alf?

ALF: W'y, stop the hinjin, o' corse.

LIZ: But 'ow can they git the wind aht from under the wings?

ALF: Well—f'rinstance—well, 'ow does a bird do it?

LIZ: I dunno.

ALF: You seen a bird, I s'pose, ain't yer?

LIZ: 'Eaps.

ALF: An' you seen a bird come dahn', I s'pose?

LIZ: Oh, yus, I seen that!

ALF: Well, then, don't arst sich silly queschuns!—Pall Mall Gazette.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Breams Building.

Chancery Lane, London, E.C., England, AGENTS. Brentanos's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 21 Bride Lane, Fleet St., E. C., London; 148 Rue du Faubourg, St. Denis, Paris; 1, Via Gustavo Modena, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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BARTON & GUESTIER

ST JULIEN



A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

SOFT finished for Summer wear. "Nassau," a particularly good-fitting outing collar, and Arrow Shirts in fast colorings and uncommon patterns.

Collars, 2 for 25c.

Shirts, \$1.50 & \$2.00

Send for booklets. CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 453 River Street, TROY, N. Y.



(C) 1912, by C. F. & Co., N. Y.



NOBODY loves wrinkled clothes.

If your trunk is of the "wrinkle making" type, here's something to think about:

The garden variety of trunk is built like a box. When it is rolled into the baggage car, the clothes inside crumple all over each other.

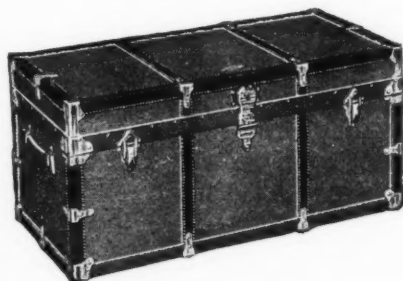
A Likly Wardrobe Trunk holds garments like a wardrobe. You *hang* the clothes in. They stay in that same position in traveling. They *hang* when you open up.

Hanging garments gather no wrinkles.

Everything is at your finger tips. A single strap holds the clothes in place. No other wardrobe trunk has so simple a way of holding the clothes.

We've put all the quality into these trunks that our experience of sixty-eight years has discovered—stout basswood boxes, finely finished, thoroughly reinforced against the knocks of travel.

"LIKLY" LUGGAGE

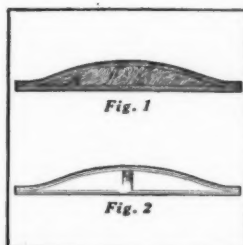


This midget will rest comfortably on any taxicab or hansom.

Midway in size between a regular and a steamer trunk.

Fibre bound to stand the most violent traveling.

Just an instance of the completeness of the Likly line.

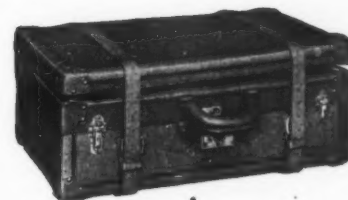


The tops of Likly Wardrobe Trunks consist of two layers of 3-ply veneer filled between by a solid block of wood cut to a tight fit.

Figure No. 2 shows a common way of making such tops on other wardrobe trunks. A chunk of wood partially fills the middle.

Both tops look the same. But the skimmed one is easy to break.

This is one of the many strong features that give piece of mind to the owner of a Likly Trunk.



The bottomless pit idea applied to a Suit Case. Holds a lot in its body part and then a lot more in its four-inch bellows extension, which is concealed when not in use.

Inside lining of best Irish linen.

But with all its storage space it is handy to carry about.

Guaranteed by us for five years against everything save accident or downright abuse. Our guarantee covers a wide line of hand luggage.

If you're looking forward to any travel, write for our descriptive booklet. We will send it on request. And we'll tell you who handles Likly Luggage in your town.

HENRY LIKLY & CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

New York Salesroom
38 East 21st Street



Speculation

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy—up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

Cicero on Jokes

. . . But of all jokes none create greater laughter than something said contrary to expectation; of which there are examples without number. Such was the saying of Appius, the elder, who, when the matter about the public lands and the law of Thorius was in agitation in the Senate and Lucilius was hard pressed by those who asserted that the public pastures were grazed by his cattle, said: "They are not the cattle of Lucilius; you mistake (he seemed to be going to defend Lucilius); I look upon them as free, for they feed where they please." That saying also of the Scipio who slew Tiberius Gracchus amuses me. When, after many charges were made against him, Marcus Flaccus proposed Publius Marcius as one of his judges, "I except against him," said he, "he is unjust," and when this occasioned a general murmur, "Ah!" said he, "I do not except against him, Conscript Fathers, as unjust to me, but to everybody." But nothing could be more witty than the joke of our friend Crassus. When Silus, a witness, was injuring the cause of Piso by something that he said he had heard against him, "It is possible," said he "Silus, that the person from whom you heard this said it in anger." Silus assented. "It is possible, too, that you did not rightly understand him." To this he also assented with the lowest of bows, expressing entire agreement with Crassus. "It is also possible," continued Crassus, "that what you say you have heard you never heard at all." This was so different from what was expected that the witness was overwhelmed by a general laugh. Nævius is full of this kind of humor, and it is a familiar joke, "Wise man, if you are cold you will shake," and there are many other such sayings.

. . . "You may often also humorously grant to your adversary what he wishes to detract from you; as Caius Lælius, when a man of disreputable family told him that he was unworthy of his ancestors, replied, 'But, by Hercules, you are worthy of yours.'"

. . . Things also which are impossible are often wished for with much wit; as Marcus Lepidus, when he lay down upon the grass, while others were taking their exercise in the Campus Martius, exclaimed, "I wish this were labor."

Murder as One of the Fine Arts

(By Thomas De Quincey)

. . . It is time that I should say a few words about the principles of murder, not with a view to regulate your practice, but your judgment. As to old women and the mob of newspaper readers, they are pleased with anything, provided it is bloody enough; but the mind of sensibility requires something more. First, then, let us speak of the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer; secondly, of the place where; thirdly, of the time when, and other little circumstances.

As to the person, I suppose that it is evident that he ought to be a good man; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time.

. . . The person chosen ought to be in good health, for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. On this principle no tailor ought to be chosen who is above twenty-five, for after that age he is sure to be dyspeptic. Or, at least, if a man will hunt in that warren he will, of course, think it his duty, on the old-established equation, to murder



AN OVERFLOW MEETING

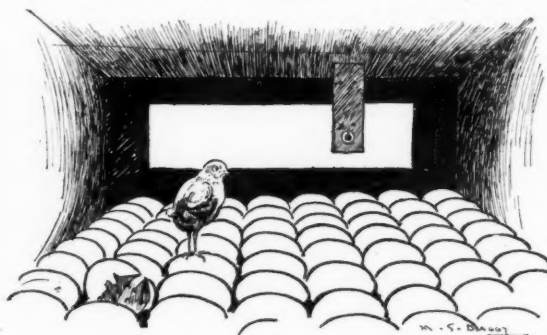
some multiple of 9—say, 18, 27 or 36. And here, in this benign attention to the comfort of sick people, you will observe the usual effect of a fine art to soften and refine the feelings. The world in general, gentlemen, is very bloody-minded, gaudy display in this point is enough for them. But the enlightened connoisseur is more refined in his taste; and from our art, as from all the other liberal arts when thoroughly mastered, the result is, to humanize the heart.

A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent upon his exertions by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on such a condition. Severe good taste unquestionably suggests it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction which might have the effect of narrowing the artist's sphere.

So much for the person. As to the time, the place and the tools, I have many things to say, which at present I have no room for. The good sense of the practitioner has usually directed him to night and privacy. Yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect.

Intellectual progress, separated from moral progress, gives a fearful result; a being possessing nothing but brains.—A. de Gasparin.

Intelligent people make many blunders, because they never believe the world as stupid as it is.—Chamfort.



Incubator Chick (first one out): HUMPH! NOT MUCH OF A SOCIAL OUTLOOK HERE!

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Hartf



For Charity

On next Thursday afternoon Mrs. Vanastorbilt will throw open her magnificent marble mansion on Fifth Avenue for the benefit of charity. An elaborate scale of prices is being fixed, and any one who desires can go and be welcome at the prices named. Following is a partial list of the charges decided upon:

Standing on Mrs. Vanastorbilt's front steps, per minute.....	\$5.00
Ringling Mrs. Vanastorbilt's front door bell.....	1.00
Admission to Mrs. Vanastorbilt's mansion	5.00
Sitting in Mrs. Vanastorbilt's chair	1.50
Peeping into Mrs. Vanastorbilt's closet	1.75
Receiving cup of tea from Mrs. Vanastorbilt's niece.....	1.25
Looking at portraits of Mrs. Vanastorbilt's ancestors.....	2.25
Admiring Mrs. Vanastorbilt's head butler	2.50
Asking Mrs. Vanastorbilt's house-keeper for a pin.....	1.00
Saying good-bye to Mrs. Vanastorbilt's social secretary.....	2.00
Having carriage called by Mrs. Vanastorbilt's doorman.....	3.25

Had Been Both

A clergyman who advertised for an organist received this reply:

DEAR SIR: I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by ageing in wood before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes
AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



You Ought to Try These Fine Gillette Blades

GILLETTE users say the 1912 Blades are the best ever made. They are specially praised by men with heavy beards or tender skins. Buy a packet of these new blades today. Put one in your Gillette and shave. *Rub the lather in well,*

soften the beard, as with any other razor. The Gillette Blade will shave you cleaner, closer than any other razor you ever used—no pull, no roughness, no smarting. You save stropping and honing—all the bother of shaving, and two-thirds the time. Each Blade is hermetically sealed in oiled wrapper—bright, sharp, sanitary. Two sizes of Packet—Twelve Blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel-plated box, \$1.00; Six Blades (12 shaving edges) in carton, 50 cents.

Gillette Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

No Stropping



No Honing

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

22 West Second Street, BOSTON

A Perfect Cure

"Does any one suffer from the sleep-walking habit?" asked the professional joker at a large gathering.

Smithson, who always fancied himself to be delicate, rose to the occasion.

"Yes, I do," he said. "Have done for years. Do you know any remedy?"

"Yes," said the joker. "I have a prescription here I will give you. Take it to an ironmonger's."

"An ironmonger's?"

Smithson thought he must have heard wrongly.

"Yes, an ironmonger's. The prescription consists of a paper of tacks. Dose: Two tablespoonfuls to be scattered about the room at bedtime."—*Tit-Bits*.

"WANT to buy a mule, Pete?"


"What ails him?"

"Nothing."

"Then what ye selling him fo?"

"Nothing."

"I'll take him."



DO you recall that summer's day when, hot and dry, you struck a mountain spring with its crystalline waters bubbling through the rocks? That was the time you really enjoyed a drink of pure, cool, sparkling, refreshing spring water.

Londonderry

comes to you just as sparkling, palatable and refreshing, perhaps even more pure, for we are minutely particular about Londonderry springs, the bottling, sealing, etc. You'll find it a royal blender. It mellows the liquor without diluting the flavor.

Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half gallon bottles, and other sizes if desired. If you have difficulty obtaining Londonderry locally, write us, and we will see that you are supplied at regular retail prices.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Coming Car

The pay-as-you-enter is common enough,
To it slight attention we give.
The latest—unless the report is a bluff—
Is the pay-as-you-leave.

Two steps in the proper direction are
these,
The ideal soon will be hit—
The car that we're certain will everyone
please
Is the pay-as-you-sit.

—Boston Transcript.

Make This Year Brighter. Send 25 cents for sample bottle **Caroni Bitters**. Money back if not pleased and satisfied.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York Gen'l Distrib.

Flattery

One must be a genius to be a successful barber. One is reminded of the tonsorial artist who operated in the same village for fifty years and never made a mistake. In his early days a handsome boy got into his chair.

"Shave, sir?" asked the barber.
"You flatter me," laughed the youth.
"You flatter me. No, I can only use a hair cut."

Years passed. In fact, thirty years did it. The same man came to the same barber.

"Hair cut, sir?" asked the barber.
"You flatter me!" sighed the man.
"No—only a shave."

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Thith ith Very Thilly!

A writer who, perhaps, means well, suggests that "The Beth Book" might be followed by "The Thecond Beth Book" and "The Nekth Beth Book."

Thith ith the wirth thuggestion we have theen lately in regard to Bookth.


—Woman's Home Companion.

Consoling

"You will be the victim of a fatal accident."

"Good gracious!"
"Calm yourself. It won't happen until the end of your life."—*Pêle Mêle.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



Miss Eel: I WISH YOU WOULD GLIDE MORE. YOU HOP ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH FOR THE "BOSTON."

Utilizing the Mirror

A dentist was filling a lady patron's back teeth. When he had finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a hand mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he went on with his task, repeating this performance with the mirror after each tooth was filled. Finally, when the job was completed and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look?"

"How do what look?" she returned.

"The teeth I just filled."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed, reaching for the hand glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"My hair."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns

Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.

He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn pain ends at once. Then the B & B

wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (15c)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

"American" Journalism

(The following testimony of Lady Duff-Gordon is taken from the verbatim account of the "Titanic" inquiry conducted before Lord Mersey and published by the London "Times," from which we reproduce it.)

THE PRESIDENT: Do you mean to say that somebody came to interview you?—Oh, quantities of people. There was a friend having supper with us the night we arrived.

The witness was handed the newspaper containing the article, and said that was the first time she had seen it. She added, the last little bit is also absolutely a story.

Then if your signature appears there it is a forgery?—Oh, absolutely.

Is it true that you said this: "We watched her—we were 200 yards away—go down slowly, almost peacefully," and did you then say, "For a moment an awful silence seemed to hang over everything, and then from the water all about where the *Titanic* had been arose a bedlam of shrieks and cries"?—No, I did not say that.

THE PRESIDENT: Who was the gentleman who wrote that?—He was the editor of the *Sunday American*, published in New York.

MR. EDWARDS: Did you say, "Women and men were clinging to bits of wreckage in the icy water, and it was at least an hour before the awful chorus of shrieks ceased, gradually dying into a moan of despair"?—No.

Did you say this: "I remember the very last cry. It was a man's voice calling loudly. 'My God! my God!' he cried monotonously in a dull, hopeless way"?—Absolutely untrue.

Lady Duff-Gordon explained how the article appeared. It was written by a

Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

The last word from Paris

While the finest writing paper in the world is made in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, many new ideas in styles originate in Paris, which is still the Capital of Fashion. The quickness and the cleverness with which such ideas are adapted to Crane's Linen Lawn and to the taste of American women, stamp the creations which the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company put out as both exclusive and novel.

Crane's PAPIER LIGNÉ

There is a new writing paper which shows fine water-marked lines in the texture of the paper, running either perpendicularly or horizontally on the sheet. This produces a paper of great attractiveness and one that takes the pen well. It is very popular with those who wish smart stationery that is in no way bizarre or contrary to good taste. Crane's Papier Ligné is its name and it may be seen at all good stationers.

If you cannot procure these papers from your stationer, write us and we will send you samples and give you the name of a stationer who will supply them.



TRADE MARK

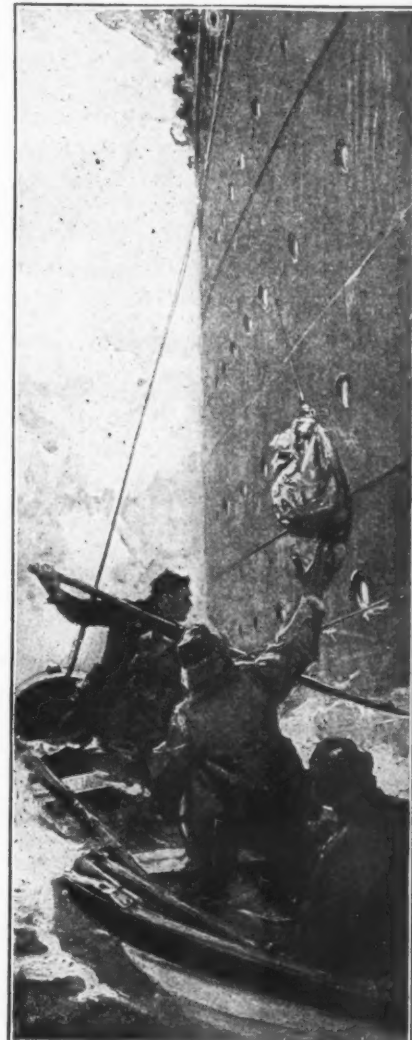
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

New York

Pittsfield, Mass.



TRADE MARK



Sheboygan Mineral Water and Ginger Ale

"The Chief of Them All"

The Mineral Water! Famous for sparkling purity and healthful deliciousness—

The Ginger Ale! Made famous by the mineral water. With the "tang" and zest and flavor of the **REAL Ginger**.

Served in all leading Hotels, Clubs and Cafes. Sold by most Grocers and Druggists catering to **QUALITY**.

Sheboygan Mineral Water Co.
Sheboygan, Wis.

(10)

Sheboygan & Co.

MINERAL WATER AND GINGER ALE

gentleman she had known. After having had supper with them, he telephoned and said, "Mr. Hearst has just rung me up and must have your story of the *Titanic* wreck in to-morrow morning's paper. May I tell your story as I have heard it?" She said "Yes," and the gentleman told her afterwards that he had telephoned to their head office all he knew about it, and then a clever reporter put it into words, and it appeared next morning in the *New York American*.

MR. DUKE: In fact, your friend told

some clever American reporter what he had heard, and then you were advertised as having written and signed this false article?—That is so.

Heaven

SUBBUBS: I believe Swamphurst is unhealthy. Since we have lived out there my wife can scarcely speak above a whisper.

HENPECKE: Do you suppose I could find a house there?

—*Philadelphia Record*.

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



More milesto the dollar is really the best way of expressing what you get from the unvarying standard of durability of Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.

20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, O.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Company, Dallas, Texas.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

A Spaniard's Retort

"Henry Clay Ide, our Minister to Spain," said a Washington official, "gets on well in Madrid because he has a great affection for the Spanish people.

"Mr. Ide, while no champion of the bull-fight, hates to hear the Spaniards abused for cruelty on this head.

"He tells an anecdote of a Spaniard traveling from San Sebastian to Biarritz in a first-class compartment with an American.

"You Spaniards are a great nation," the American said. "But I can't understand how a nation that produced Velasquez and Valdés can stomach the savage cruelty of the bull-fight."

"The Spaniard rolled his black eyes at this, inhaled a great cloud of cigarette smoke, and said:

"You have in America a number of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And they do good work?"

"Oh, splendid work!"

"Now the Spaniard showed his white teeth in a smile.

"Well, senor, such societies would be useless in my country," he said. "The man who would lift his hand against a little child has not been born in Spain."

—Pittsburgh Leader.

How Long Can He Stand It?

This is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale's latest suffrage story:

"A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished, he said, 'Dinah, yo' talk don' affect me no mo' than a flea-bite.'"

"Well, niggah," she answered, 'I'se gawna keep yo' scratchin'.'"

—Woman's Home Companion.

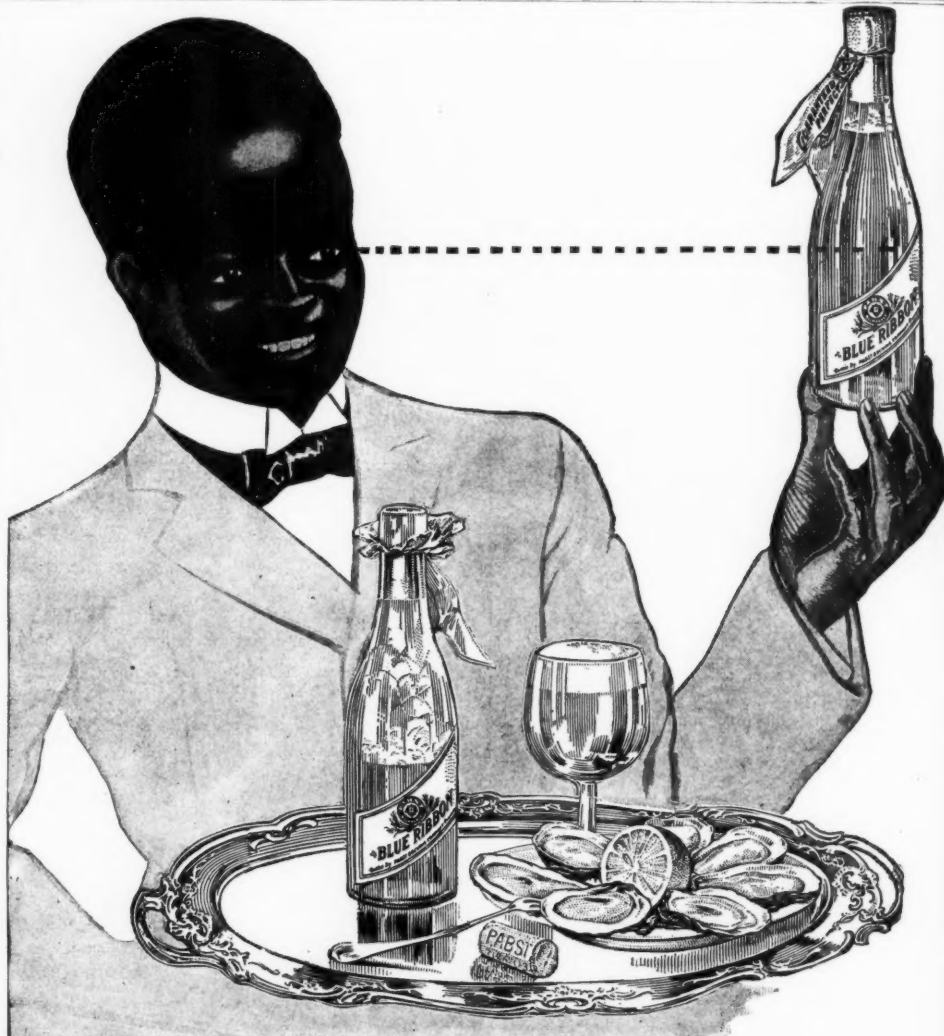
Lords In the Making

Allan Dawson, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making five hundred new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the House of Commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the House had

disposed of three and had elected their titles. The first man decided upon was General Booth, of the Salvation Army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Saveus. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preserveus. Then I came away."

—Saturday Evening Post.



No Chance for Mistake—Clean and Pure

THE Blue Ribbon on every bottle is your guide—a mark of quality—an identification of the world's best beer.

The taste is your assurance—for no other beer has ever attained the champagne sparkle and snap of Pabst Blue Ribbon.



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Don't delay, don't forget—order a case today.

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Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes.



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Speed faster than the fastest motor boat—*on the water, over the water, cross country*—in the practical Curtiss Hydro-Aeroplane.



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arise and alight on the water and minimize aviation dangers. Add a hundredfold to the joy of flying. Safest air craft ever built. Carries two and either person can drive, with Glenn H. Curtiss'

natural dual control. Training stations: New York, Middle West and California. You can learn with little practice and without cost, because tuition applies on purchase. Write today for full information.

Curtiss Aeroplane Co., Hammondsport, N. Y.



FAITH

Minister: WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS MORNING, CHILDREN?

Little Girl: SH— TOMMY'S PRAYING FOR AN AUTOMOBILE AND I'M GOING AFTER GASOLINE.



"EXTRA!"

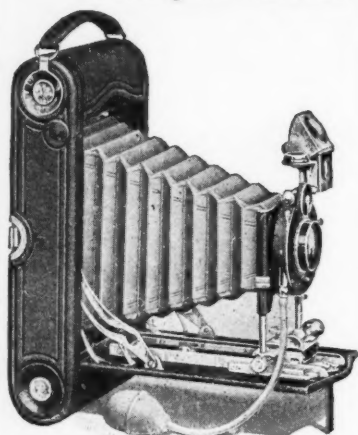
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wants one

of

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When you want it.



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3, " pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 52.00
3A, " pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 65.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Politics in Peerville

(Continued from page 1399)

As it was, she gazed calmly at the disturbed gentleman who faced her.

"You thought," she observed, "that you could win me—by this?"

"Not at all. It was purely a defensive measure. I knew I couldn't if I got in. I have no wish now to exult. Heavens no! I told you—just because I had to. Pray forget the whole matter. By right it is yours anyway. Your political machine was never perfect, that's all. It is your right—and it is so much better for the borough."

"I cannot accept it—I—"

"You cannot help yourself. You see it was perfectly proper—the vote. And regular. It is a matter only between you and me. It can't be changed now."

A pause.

"I suppose that is so. Yes—I see that."

She sat down again, mechanically sort-

ing and resorting bunches of legal documents on the flat-topped desk. She was a fine looking woman, with soft brown eyes, luxuriant hair, a handsome face. It was only when she spoke that she betrayed her training.

At last she turned and looked at him. There was decision more than usual in her voice.

"Timothy," she said, "we have known each other a long time."

"A long time."

"I never quite understood the difference between your private character, which is, so far as I know, without a blemish, and your political life. Now, let's get down to business. I'll make you a proposition. I'm prepared to accept you—on certain conditions."

Timothy Allen leaned forward, almost breathlessly. He could scarcely believe his ears. He had come on his errand without much hope—from a sense of absolute duty. He never had been untruthful to a friend in his life; certainly he could not be so to the woman he loved and hoped eventually to win.

"Politically we are enemies. You stand for everything that is—well, wrong and objectionable—and I believe, I hope, I stand for everything that is good. You don't mean to, I'm sure, but you can't help it. Now—"

"Wait a minute, Phoebe. Explain yourself, please. What do you mean by saying that I stand for everything that is wrong?"

"You're for rum, aren't you?"

"I'm for license, because I believe it's less harmful than a lot of fool reform."

"That's a quibble. You're in with the railroad, aren't you? I won't say, Timothy, that you're their paid agent,

"Mum"

takes all odor out of perspiration, and keeps the body sweet from bath to bath

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.
"MUM" MFG. CO., 1106 Chestnut St., Phila.

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Instantly Relieves

HAY FEVER

(Formula A-3)

Respiroes also furnished with Batteries



THE application of medicine in a volatile form, directly to the mucous surfaces of the Respiratory Tract, is the latest and most successful achievement in the treatment of Hay Fever and similar affections. By this method there is deposited upon the membrane of the Nasal Cavities, Bronchial Tubes and Pulmonary Organs, a coating of soothing and antiseptic medicine thus alleviating congestion and inflammation.

The Respirone is approved by all physicians who have seen it in operation.

Recommended for Catarrh, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Tonsillitis, Bronchitis, etc., each of these diseases having its own specific formula.

If not fully satisfied after ten days trial, return instrument at our expense and entire purchase price will be refunded. Write for booklet.

The Electric Respirone Co.

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Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 20th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Puppies at
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SHELTER

Telephone

but at least you've done all you could to grant them their unlawful privileges, when a firm stand—"

"I'm for compromise. I don't want to accuse you of not seeing it right because you are a woman, Phoebe. But there are certain things you can't understand. It's business, and for the best interests of the borough, to meet the railroad half way."

"That's all right. I've heard your spurious, impractical arguments. They are all defective. There's only one right way and only one wrong. To proceed, you have backed up that man Coleman for the legislature, knowing that he stands for everything reprehensible. Your machine is more important to you than honesty in government. You are bound hand and foot to a miserable system, and the worst of it is, you can't see it."

Timothy Allen smiled nervously and wiped his brow.

"We can't all see things alike, Phoebe," he said. "I believe in the long run I'm working for the best interests of the State. In the long run, I say. These new-fangled reform movements stir things up for an hour and leave them worse than before. History shows that. My ideals are as high as yours, but I'm working toward them in the only way possible. What's your proposition?"



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Carry your funds in "A.B.A." Cheques when you travel abroad or at home. Safe and handy as personal checks from your own check book.

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CHAS. CHARLEMANGE



What other tire gives you *all* of these features?

1—A Really Skid-Proof Tread

The Republic Staggard Tread is the original mechanically correct, skid-proof, slip-proof tread. The six longitudinal rows of long, tough studs, "Staggard," take a vise grip on wet pavements and mud-covered roads, holding the wheel true to its course against all tendency toward side-slipping or skidding.

2—Increased traction

In running on dry surfaces, many non-skid devices retard the momentum of the car. This is not true of Republic Staggard Treads.

They give absolutely perfect traction and tend to accelerate the speed of the wheel.

3—Double Riding Comfort

Republic Staggard Tread Tires give you a perfect shock-absorbing riding surface. The air in the tire takes up the big shocks, the springy rubber studs absorb the small shocks such as granite paving, small stones, etc.

4—A full-thickness plain tread under the studs

Coupled with the remarkable non-skid qualities of Republic Staggard Tread Tires, is the double wear they give. The studs themselves are nearly as thick as the ordinary plain rubber tread and will average as much mileage. Under the studs is an additional solid rubber tread, good for thousands of miles additional after the studs have worn down.

Write today for interesting booklet giving further information on this trouble-proof, money-saving tire. This booklet also describes the Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tube, the pure Para Rubber Tube designed to give twice the wear and riding comfort of the ordinary tube.

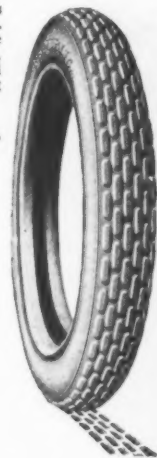
The Republic Rubber Co.
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Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD TIRES

Republic Staggard Tread, Patented Sept. 15-22, 1908.

The original, effective, non-skid tire.



"This: I expected to do great things when I became Mayor. But, although I have only been in this chair a number of days, I see now that my hands are tied. I am powerless. Now you are the most powerful man on the other side. If you will come over to me, if you'll come out for no rum, no compromise to the railroad, and will agree to part company with Coleman, why, then, I'll marry you."

In reply Timothy Allen drew his chair over to the desk. Then he leaned forward, both elbows on the edge of the

blotter, and looked at her full in the eyes.

"Phoebe Pinkton," he said, "you are a smart woman. I never loved you so much in my life as I do now. But I can't do it. I wish I could. But it won't do. I can't go back on my party."

"Why not?"

"Simply because it's a question of principle."

"Nonsense! It's a question of vanity."

"What do you mean?"

"You know at heart I'm right. You
(Continued on page 1412)



Read the Woodbury treatment for protecting your skin when traveling.

To protect the skin when Traveling

WHEN traveling, the dry heat and dust wither the skin. The soot and grime sink into every pore, making the skin excessively tender and sensitive.

Use this treatment

Bathe your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap several times during a day's journey. Rub its lather gently over and over your face so that it reaches every pore. Rinse and repeat with a fresh lather. Then bathe with clear water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is made from a formula worked out by an authority on the skin and its needs. Its refreshing, stimulating lather counteracts the irritation of the smoke and dust; relieves the "drying" effect of the heat. The antiseptic it contains (the strongest known to medical science) is just the protection your skin needs when traveling. Make it a habit to use Woodbury's regularly, wherever you are. It makes your skin active, so that it can withstand trying conditions, keeps it in perfect health.

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For sale by dealers everywhere

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 2005 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.



"AHA! MY MAN. I WANT YOU!"

Burglar: ALL RIGHT—I'M AT YOUR SERVICE.

Politics in Peerville

(Continued from page 1410)

can talk till the crack of doom about your slow, business compromising way of improving things, but you know that the only way to fight wrong is to fight it. We reformers may make blunders, but in the end we lift the standard higher. You could come over to my side without the slightest sacrifice of principle, but you won't do it just because, being a man, your vanity can't stand the shock."

Timothy Allen got up. He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked up and down. His nervousness all disappeared. His political training made him calm and self-possessed in the face of a crisis.

"Phoebe," he said, "I'm awful sorry. It breaks my heart. I can't do it. But I've found out one thing."

"What's that?"

"That you really love me."

It was her turn to get up now.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"It's perfectly simple when you come to think about it. If you didn't love me any, why then you would be doing to me precisely what you have accused me of doing—making a compromise. You are doing nothing else but trying to make a bargain, aren't you? I grant that you are doing it because you think the cause you represent is a good one. But that doesn't alter the case. I believe no rum is the best thing. I'd like to see it. But in the long run I can accomplish the result better by compromise. That's why I'm on the other side. This proposition of yours is, therefore, a virtual admission that I am right. You are using my own methods. That is to say, it would be if you were that kind. But I don't believe you are. There is, consequently, only one other reason. You must love me—a little—or you wouldn't have made me that proposition."

"But I don't!"

"You must admit that it is one thing or the other. Your logical mind—"

Blushing furiously, with eyes blazing, Miss Phoebe Pinkton pointed peremptorily to the door.

"Go—at once!" she cried. "Leave me!"

And Timothy Allen, realizing that for the moment, at least, he was face to face with the inevitable, walked out. Slamming the door behind him, the new Mayor sank back in her chair in deep thought. How dared any man understand her so well? It was about an even thing between her feminine instincts and her judicial training.

It was a long struggle, but at last it was over.

"I'll show him," she muttered, "that it isn't so."

She rang the bell. Her private secretary entered.

"Miss Strong, call up the News. Tell them that I have something important to communicate and ask them to send a reporter at once."

"Very well, your honor."

It was nine o'clock the next morning.



Established 1788

A Substantial Factor in American Country Club Hospitality—

Carstairs Rye

It has more than mere age as a recommendation.

There is the every-day, ever-increasing patronage of men who frequent the most exclusive cafes and clubs in New York and away.

A blend of purest rye whiskies aged in wood.

If your dealer should not happen to have it we'll send it to you through him at usual prices. Write

Stewart Distilling Co.
Phila. New York Balto.



The Numbered Label Shows Our Bottling

The New Mayor of Peerville, after a sleepless, restless night, in which she had behaved more like an old-fashioned woman than like a "new" one, sat at her desk, her eyes staring at the front page of the News. Certainly there was cause for astonishment. There were two sets of large headlines, one on one side of the page, the other on the other side.



Open with the Foot.

No Litter. No Odor.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

THE STEPHENSON

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Garbage Receiver

Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly also

prevents dogs, cats and rats making a mess

of the garbage. 9 years in practical use.

It pays to look us up. Sold direct from

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BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

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—away with suspenders and belts



Adopt the only practical and hygienic way of holding your trousers up.

Suspenders are uncomfortable—ungainly—they drag—they make men stoop—they make them round shouldered—they tear off buttons.

Belts are stiff—binding and unhealthful.

WEAR STANFORD "HIP-FIT"

The "Invisible" trousers supporter entirely eliminates suspenders and belts—gives perfect comfort—perfect neatness—perfect bodily freedom at all times, under all circumstances. Can't slip. Can't bind. Can't work out of adjustment. Takes all weight and pressure off the shoulders. Has elastic over hips and back—yields to every movement—pressure gentle and evenly distributed; acts as an abdominal support.

SANITARY—COOL—SERVICEABLE

Thousands in use, all giving perfect satisfaction—no boy or man will wear suspenders or belts after wearing a "Hip-Fit." If your tailor or dealer cannot supply you, send waist measure taken comfortably above hips under trousers, accompanied by money order for \$1, and we will promptly fill your order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

The Invisible Trousers Supporter



For men with large protruding abdomens requiring more than ordinary support, we make a combination trouser and stomach supporter. Price, \$1.50.

HIP-FIT MFG. CO.

59 A GRAND ST., NEW YORK

Tailors, Dealers, and Side Line Salesmen are invited to write us.

The first one began as follows:

.....
: Tim Allen :
: Repudiates :
: His Party. :
: :
: He declares that here :
: after No Rum and No :
: Railroad Franchises :
: shall be his motto. :
: :
: Says Coleman doesn't de :
: serve support. :
: :
: Says he's out for un :
: compromising reform. :
: :

And so on.

The other headline was not such exciting reading to the New Mayor. She knew all it contained. It began as follows:

.....
: Our Mayor :
: Admits Defeat. :
: :
: In interview she says that :
: reform pure and simple :
: is not possible. :
: :
: Thinks a spirit of com :
: promise should prevail. :
: :

And so on.

At this moment the door was abruptly thrown open and Mr. Timothy Allen stood on the threshold.

"May I come in?"

There was a slight pause.

"Yes."

She held her paper up at him.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, quietly.

He smiled down at her.

"It means that you were right after all," he said. "It was vanity. I thought it over, and made up my mind that such a cheap thing as that should never stand between us. I've given in. I'm with you. And you?"

The Mayor smiled as she put her hand on the shoulder of her new partner.

"I, too, have given in," she said.

"It's a bargain for life."

C. T.

In Apprehension

"I gave her a plush album on her wedding anniversary. It was one I had had about the house for some time, but it looked like new."

"Well?"

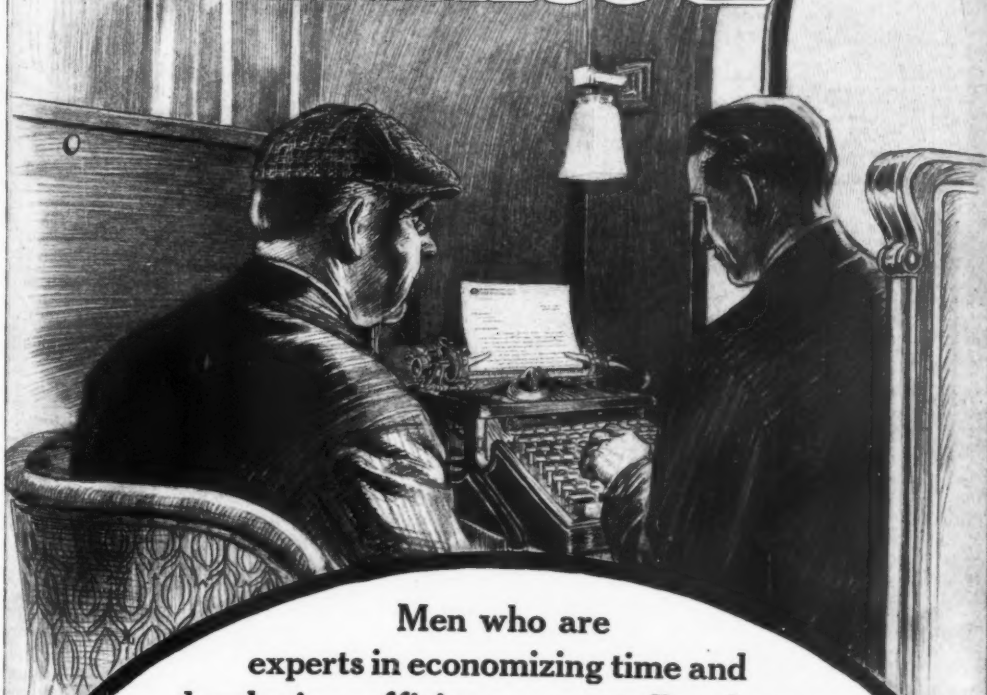
"Now she has found that I have an anniversary soon."

"Well, no doubt you expect her to reciprocate."

"Reciprocate is not the word; I'm afraid she will retaliate."

—Kansas City Journal.

20th Century Limited



**Men who are
experts in economizing time and
developing efficiency generally choose
the 20th Century Limited.**

It not only saves a valuable business day—but gives opportunity for transacting business en route, and the "Water Level Route" insures a perfect night's rest.

Lv. New York 4.00 p.m.

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CENTRAL
LINES**

*"The Train that Saves
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**NEW YORK
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The old home and a dream of the new
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Alone at last
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LOVE AMONG THE RUINS
The first pie
India Print, 22 x 18 in., \$2.00

A series of LIFE PRINTS by Balfour Ker, full of human interest.

These six pictures tell a story that at some point touches the personal experience or the hopes of every reader of LIFE—the story of the founding of the typical American home.

From the day and hour when the young lovers see the "New Home" of their hearts' desire rising vision-like under the personal direction of D. Cupid, Master Builder, to that on which the son and heir of the house, recovered from his first trifling illness, is seen as the undisputed "ruler of the roost," Mr. Ker has caught the humor and sentiment of the modern home in masterly fashion.

Printed in photogravure on India paper of the best quality and mounted on plate-marked French plate stock—a true *edition de luxe*.

Also a cheaper edition, size 15 x 20, same quality of plate work. Price, \$1.00 each.

Sent prepaid to any address upon receipt of your remittance.

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THE FIRST SCARE
India Print, 22 x 18 in., \$2.00

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31 St., New York



The "Different" Cigarette

Milo

Brands may come
And brands may go
But I go on forever.

—MILO

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,

New York



"I WISH YOU'D MAKE A FACE AT HER, TILLIE. I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN."



How
to keep
your face
looking cool
and fresh

During hot weather, the excess of moisture, due to the stimulation of both the oil and the perspiration pores, is bound to make your skin oily and shiny, unless you do something to prevent it.

Apply Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream lightly; then dust over it with the finest of powders.

"Vanishing Cream" is especially well adapted to use *after* washing, because it actually vanishes, disappears! Even in the warmest weather, it makes your skin look cool and fresh.

Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream is the most individual face cream made. It is unlike anything you have ever used. It conforms to the same high standard that characterizes all the Pond's Extract Company's products.

Pond's Extract Company's VANISHING CREAM

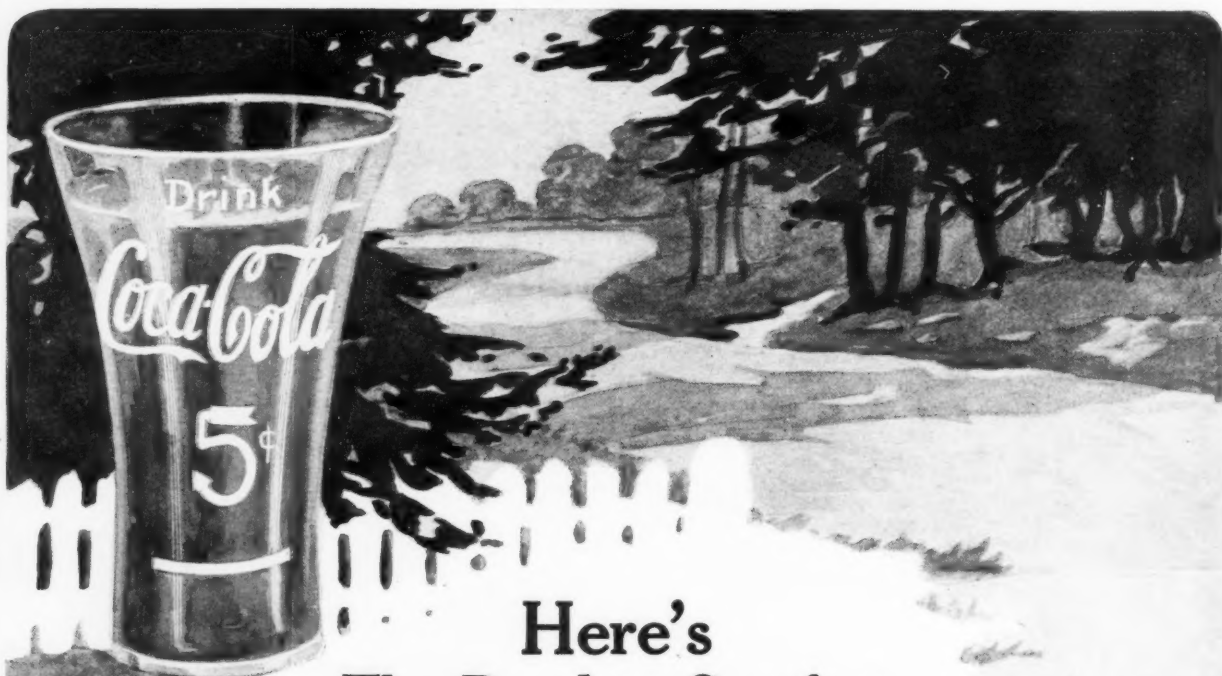
Pond's Extract
For Bites, Stings, Cuts

Try These Products
at Our Expense

Pond's Extract has been used for sixty years for everyday injuries. Most of us can remember many occasions when having it available has saved hours of suffering. Get a bottle today. You will be surprised how frequently you need it.

On request, we will mail samples of both Pond's Extract and Vanishing Cream. Upon receipt of 4c in stamps, we will send an extra large trial tube of Vanishing Cream. Address The Pond's Extract Co., Dept. L, 131 Hudson St., N. Y.

Our tooth paste, talcum powder, cold cream and soap have the same individuality which characterizes all of the products of the Pond's Extract Company. They are different from ordinary toilet preparations. Why not try them?



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A vanished thirst—a cool body and
a refreshed one; the sure way—the
only way is via a glass of

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TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

ideally delicious—pure as purity—
crisp and sparkling as frost.

Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Free Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola
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